

ENEMY PEERS DEPRIVED OF THEIR TITLES

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

QUEEN MARY'S SONG AT AN EAST END BELL FOUNDRY



The King and Queen and Princess Mary with some of the workmen.

When the King and Queen visited a famous foundry in Whitechapel yesterday to "christen" the new peace bell for Westminster Abbey the workmen had the privilege of hearing her sing. Mr. Oliver played on his peal of bells, and when he selected "Eileen



"Hughie" for a long time wouldn't say "Ta" for a biscuit.



Mr. Bert Oliver, playing the famous old Irish ballad, "Eileen Alannah."

"Alannah" her Majesty hummed the air right through in a clear voice. "Hughie" is a son of one of the managers, and refused for a long time to say "Ta" when given a biscuit.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL ATTENDS THE WEDDING OF HIS FORMER PRIVATE SECRETARY.



Major Hanson, V.C., D.S.O., and Miss Soames, who were among the guests.



The bride and bridegroom leaving St. Peter's, Eaton-square, after the ceremony.



Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill leaving. The bridegroom was Mr. Churchill's private secretary.

The marriage was celebrated yesterday of Major J. A. Webster, D.S.O., and Constance, second daughter of Mr. and Lady Constance Combe.

BEAUTY STAKE LONDON BY STORM

'Daily Mirror' 'Queens' Who Bewildered Everyone LUNCH AT THE SAVOY.

"Her beauty made the bright world dim," wrote Shelley, and, not personally knowing the lady to whom the poet referred, it is quite possible he was right.

At any rate, when the Beauty Queens of England arrived yesterday afternoon for lunch in the White Room at the Savoy Hotel it is certainly true that their "beauty made the bright world bewilder."

The occasion was the luncheon given by *The Daily Mirror* to some thirty probable prize-winners who had been selected after a personal interview with nearly 600 entrants for *The Daily Mirror* £3,000 Beauty Competition for women war workers.

It was an event which excited general interest in the public mind, and for this reason numbers of people collected at the several entrances of the hotel in the hope of seeing Britain's Beauty pass like some travelling star through the particularly cold and nippy March wind.

Hence bewilderment on the part of the attendants flurried by expectations of surprise visits from royalty! Bewilderment also on the part of vigilant policemen, who inquired "What's going on to-day?"

Further bewilderment was caused by the fact that the Savoy Jazz Band absolutely struck, and refused to play in the restaurant. When asked if their action was caused by the fact that the demands of the miners, they replied that all they asked was to be allowed to go down to the White Room of Beauty.

This demand having been granted, further bewilderment was caused by the clamorous supplication of many waiters to be allowed to wait at Beauty's table.

SHY BEAUTIES.

Miss Gladys Cooper's Tribute to True English Type.

By this time the Queens of Beauty began to arrive, and were welcomed by the committee and the Editor of *The Daily Mirror* in the White Room.

Among the committee was one who is universally acknowledged to be a representative beauty of England—Miss Gladys Cooper, who confessed to a representative of *The Daily Mirror* that the glowing procession of fair faces made her thrill with patriotic pride.

"It has been stated," remarked Miss Cooper, "that English beauty is merely a type—something that one could pick out in a moment from a crowd—something that is rather cold and stereotyped."

"That legend ought to be dead for ever after looking at this crowd of beautiful girls."

"See how varied is their beauty! Notice how varied are the types."

To choose the brightest jewel amongst so many precious stones is a task that anyone should shrink from."

A kindred quality creates a subtle link of sympathy between many human beings, and the common quality of beauty which all the guests of *The Daily Mirror* at the Savoy possessed yes-

SUMMER TIME BEGINS.

Summer time begins at 2 a.m. to-morrow, when the hour will become three o'clock. Advance your clock an hour before retiring to-night, or you may be late for church.

The vanished hour will be restored on the morning of September 23.

terday turned strangers into friends with the magical power that we were taught once turned dross into gold.

"I can tell the beauty ladies in a moment," said one of the hall portiers before the reception; "they are all so shy."

"But once the assembly began to gather in the White Room, and all the queens from the four quarters of the United Kingdom had been welcomed by the judging committee, the shyness wore away into a shadow."

Everyone became friends, and the whole gathering sat down to lunch, a thoroughly gay and happy party. The first toast of the afternoon amongst the queens was simply: "May the best girl win."

So British beauty is imbued with the true British spirit!

JUDGES' TASK.

Prize-winners' Names To Be Announced on April 5.

Writing of the luncheon to the thirty Beauty Queens, a *Daily Mirror* representative says:—

Mothers, aunts and admiring sisters accompanied the beautiful girls and crowded into the dressing-rooms provided to assist in the final touches of the toilette.

"Is the child's back hair tidy? Won't you pull just one curl forward?" was being whispered in agitated tones by the attendant relatives.

A new adjustment of hair ribbons, a tying of pretty shoe-strings, consultation as to the use or neglect of powder caused a pretty excited noise until the girls trooped out into the drawing-rooms overlooking the river.

Some of the winning beauties were in khaki; some charming figures were in neat skirts, while skirts which others chose bore the laces and frivolities of peacetime.

Amongst the competitors chosen were fourteen girls from the provinces to sixteen from London. And it was remarkable that only two were married.

Despite the seclusion of the luncheon-room, chosen in order that the winners might not be embarrassed, visitors managed to pass and re-pass the door.

Blushes mantled their charming cheeks as whispers of "Oh, how lovely! Oh, dear, what eyes and hair!" floated into the half-closed doors.

Miss Gladys Cooper, exquisite in a beaver cloak and a little hat of beige and royal blue, was sitting amongst the judges.

Jazz music was played by the Savoy Ragtime Band during lunch, with Mr. Joseph Wilbur as conductor. Afterwards, at the girls' own request, they danced to the newest tunes.

The announcement of the names of the first four prize-winners, who will receive £500, £100, £50, and £25 respectively, with a trip to Paris by aeroplane, will be made in *The Daily Mirror* on April 5.

The Daily Mirror of that date will be a special beauty number and will contain, also, the names of the winners of the twenty additional prizes of £10 each and twenty-five prizes of £5 each.

The photographs of all prize-winners will be reproduced in this issue, too.

IN BEST POSSIBLE HANDS.

That the judging of the merits of each competitor was in the best possible hands readers will recognise from the following list of representative artists and others who had consented to form the adjudication committee:—

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.
Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A.
Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., A.R.A.
Miss Anna Ayr, R.I., R.O.I.
Miss Gladys Cooper, Mrs. Herbert J. Buckmaster.

Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullock), who was in Manchester, arrived back in London too late for the gathering, while Major Richard Jack, another of the judges, who is in France, was unable to get back to London in time.

THE PREACHING PILGRIMS

Religious Procession to March on London from Bath.

From Our Own Correspondent.

BATH, Friday.
The Preaching Pilgrims will set out from Bath for London on the morning of Good Friday, April 18.

The procession will be comprised of preachers and evangelists, and its strength will probably be augmented en route.

On April 25 the Pilgrims will reach Maidenhead, when they will make a detour to Windsor. At each of their halting places the Pilgrims will go into the highways and byways to preach the Gospel.

DR. GORE RESIGNS.

Famous Bishop Gives Up See of Oxford from July 1.

One of the most famous prelates in Britain, the Bishop of Oxford, has sent in his resignation to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to take effect from July 1.

Dr. Gore, it is stated, hopes to have the opportunity of more continuous preaching, speaking and writing than his present position makes possible.

Right Rev. Charles Gore, M.A., D.D., Hon. D.C.L. Oxford, Hon. D.D. Edinburgh, Hon. LL.D. Cambridge and Birmingham, is probably the most literary of living Church dignitaries.

He was born in 1853, and became noted as the foremost of the advocates of Liberal High Churchmanship.

He became Bishop of Worcester in 1902, and on the separation of the diocese, of which he was an ardent supporter, he became first Bishop of Birmingham, which See he held from 1905 to when he went to Oxford in 1911.

While he was Bishop of Birmingham he set aside £1,000 a year of his income for a fund called "The Bishop's Treasury" for helping various diocesan objects.

Dr. Gore.

Dr. Gore, it is stated, hopes to have the opportunity of more continuous preaching, speaking and writing than his present position makes possible.

MOTHER'S TRAGIC SORROW

Sad Sequel to Death of Baby Blown Into the Water.

From Our Own Correspondent.

SHEFFIELD, Friday.
Overcome with grief, Mrs. Ethel Ridley, Stansted, Sheffield, died last night early this morning with a razor and lies in Pirvate Hospital in a dying condition.

She is the mother of the six months old baby who was yesterday drowned in her presence in the High Hazels Dam by the overturning of the perambulator during the gale.

DEPRIVED OF TITLES.

King Orders Removal of Enemy Dukes from British Peerage.

ONE PRINCE, THREE PEERS.

Last night's *London Gazette* contains the expected official announcement of the removal from the British peerage of the names of—

1. H.R.H. Leopold Charles, Duke of Albany, Earl of Clarence and Baron Arklow.
2. H.R.H. Ernest Augustus Duke of Cumberland and Teviotdale, Earl of Arundel.
3. H.R.H. Ernest Augustus Duke of Brunswick, Prince of Great Britain and Ireland.

4. Henry Viscount Tassie of Corren and Baron of Ballymote.

The Order in Council sets forth that a Privy Council Committee had reported that the above named had adhered to the King's enemies during the present war.

His Majesty accepts the report, and gives orders to the Garter King of Arms and others concerned to act accordingly.

The Duke of Albany, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, was born at Escher on July 19, 1854.

His Majesty's youngest son of Queen Victoria, died suddenly four months previously. He became Duke of Saxe-Coburg in 1900 on the death of the Duke of Edinburgh. He was colonel-in-chief of the Seaforth Highlanders.

The Duke of Cumberland is a grandson of George III., and in 1894, his wife, the Duchess of Devonshire, died of the roll of the Knights of the Garter.

The Duke of Brunswick is a son of the Duke of Cumberland and the son-in-law of the ex-Kaiser, for he married the ex-Kaiser's only daughter.

Viscount Tassie is a count of the Holy Roman Empire, and a peer of Ireland, his father's right to the title having been upheld by a committee of the House of Lords in 1880. The head of the family was the Earl of Carlisle, who was killed at the Boyne fighting for James II. He had no estates in Ireland, but has considerable estates in Bohemia. The Tasses have been famous in Austria for over two centuries.

NOBILITY BEAT A NOSE.

Mr. Loraine's Triumph in 'Cyrano de Bergerac.'

Enter Cyrano! Hall, friend, and welcome!

These gay days we can well welcome a true knight of chivalry who can bring the perfume, the colour and the magic of romance into our lives.

And who, in the literature of dramatic fantasy, is so fitting for this task than Cyrano de Bergerac?

Mr. Loraine, restored to the hero of the great heart and the great nose?

Mr. C. B. Cochran's presentation of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the Garrick Theatre last night proved how eager was the waiting public for the glow of poetic fervour, the touch of ecstasy that makes life and love and death brave and beautiful things. It is a glorious production.

Robert Loraine, restored to the stage, signalled his return by a magnificent performance as Cyrano. As the nobility of the man shone through him into our hearts, so the giant profile of his nose faded from our vision.

The heart, you see, conquered the nose!

Miss Stella Mervyn Campbell lent all the grace and charm of her personality to Roxane, while Mr. Gerald Lawrence gave the pageant poise and contrast with his admirable Comte de Bergerac.

There was a tempest of applause at the fall of the curtain.

LADY IDINA WALLACE.

Weds Captain Gordon, Co-responsible in the Recent Divorce Suit.

Piquant interest surrounds the marriage of Lady Myra Idina Wallace, which took place at Chelsea Register Office on Wednesday, less than a month after being divorced by Captain David Edgar Wallace, M.C., of Kildonan, Barrhill, Ayrshire.

The bridegroom was the co-responsible in the case, Captain Charles Gordon, aged thirty, the son of the late Lieutenant Alex. Gordon, Horse Guards.

To-day Captain and Lady Gordon are leaving England for Cairo; after a short stay there they will proceed to Nairobi, British East Africa, where Captain Gordon intends to indulge his predilection for farming.

ADMIRAL BEATTY AT THE GRAND NATIONAL.

Huge Crowd Sees Woman Owner's Victory.

"SEVEN-GUINEA" WINNER.

Wife Buys Back Horse After Husband Has Sold It.

From Our Racing Correspondent.

AINTREE, Friday.
The first Grand National Steeplechase since the spring of 1915 has been decided, and it will be long ere the memory of it fades from the minds of men who saw it.

Actual figures are not available, but in declaring that the attendance beat all records I am probably not oversteating the fact.

Being one of the unfortunates who found it impossible to get hotel accommodation in Liverpool, I sought shelter in Southport. From the latter place I arrived in Liverpool at nine this morning, when snow came whirling down.

Even then traffic in the principal street was difficult. An hour later crowds were literally fighting for standing room on the trains from the Exchange Station out to Aintree.

The first-class compartment, which I travelled contained twenty-eight people, and I shall not be surprised to hear later that some never reached Aintree in time to view the great race.

Just now Liverpool is striving to honour itself by paying a compliment to the British Fleet in the person of Admiral Sir David Beatty. That great sailor's flagship with others is at present in the Mersey, and to-morrow Sir David receives the freedom of the city.

CHEERS FOR BEATTY.

Sir David therefore visited the racecourse. In a deeply long and narrow arena, moreover, a fine ride to hounds. His advent with the Lord Mayor of Liverpool was the signal for hearty cheering.

Admiral Beatty in an interview said that he was afraid of the fog (which accompanied the Queen Elizabeth) would not get back to the Mersey on the present occasion. The wind and tide were so strong she broke from her moorings and had left two anchors in the Mersey as a souvenir of her visit.

Lord Derby was entertaining in his private box. Lord Sefton's box contained a large party of ladies. Sir Thomas Dewar was entertaining. Mrs. H. Peel was there to see Poethlyn, the winner, run. Lady Nelson had also come to see how her horse Ally Sloper fared.

After the second race there was an interval of an hour before the big event was the great part of that time taken up with pad-dock inspection, and one noticed the Countess of Derby, Lady Peggy Primrose, Lady Hamilton, of Dalzell, and Colonel Hall Walker amongst the interested critics.

ROMANCE OF POETHLYN.

There is a romance attaching to the history of Poethlyn. That horse, a nine-year-old gelding, was bred by Major Peel, the husband of the present owner, but was such an "ugly duckling" as a foal that he was sent to Wrexham Market and there disposed of for seven guineas.

Subsequently he passed into the possession of a Shrewsbury publican, and Goswell, who then trained Major Peel's horses, advised Major Peel to buy him. Mrs. Peel bought him for fifty guineas, being quite unaware that he was the horse her husband had bred and got rid of as useless.

One Liverpool youth is doubtful about his luck. He is a clerk in the employ of a firm of produce brokers and has been very lucky to draw Poethlyn in the Liverpool Exchange News-race sweepstake. The prize is £2,100, but he is said to have sold his chance for £700.

Full details of the racing will be found on page 14.

JAZZ WEDDING RECEPTION

Major V. Kelsey Dances with His Bride and Sets New Fashion.

A new fashion in wedding receptions was the first dance given at the grand Hotel York yesterday after the marriage of Major Vyryan Kelsey, R.M.L.I., and Mrs. Scott, widow of Commander Walter Scott, at St. Stephen's Church, Gloucester.

When the bride and bridegroom arrived at the hotel they were welcomed by a strange wedding march—the effort of the jazz orchestra.

However, when the guests arrived dancing and tea began in real earnest—led by the bride and bridegroom.

This is one of the jolliest wedding receptions I have ever been to," said Miss Madge Titheridge, the bride's dame d'honneur, to *The Daily Mirror*. "I think these Dancings will become popular. There is nothing staid about them."

Two charming little figures, who ran in and out among the dancing couples, were Walter and Robert, the sons of the late Commander Scott.

They wore dainty white satin blouses, with pale blue knickers.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Forecast for S.E. England: Moderate south-west to S.E. winds, freshening during the day; dull, rain at times; rather mild.

ALLES WARN BERLIN POLES MUST LAND AT DANTZIG

ALLIED ULTIMATUM TO HUNS.

"Dantzig for Poles or Armistice Broken."

BERLIN'S REPLY.

An ultimatum has been presented by the Allies to the Huns on the Dantzig question.

The Note has been transmitted through General Nudent, Chief of the Inter-Allied Mission, to the head of the chief of the German Armistice Commission, and demands permission for the landing at Dantzig of the Polish Army, as part of the Allied forces.

Should the refusal of a landing be persisted in it will be regarded as a breach of the armistice.

The German Government replies in a Note stating that according to the armistice Germany is obliged to grant only to the Allies free access to the Vistula in order to maintain order in the territories of the former Russian Empire.

In concluding the armistice, says the reply, Germany in any case proceeded on the assumption that there could be no question of Polish troops being concerned.

Padewski is accused of violating German soil by stirring up revolt and civil war, by which "the eastern front against Bolshevism would be endangered."

The German Government declares that therefore it cannot be responsible for the consequences desired, but it is ready by every means to facilitate the landing of General Haller's army at Stettin, Koeningberg, Memel or Libau.

A CHANGE?

The German Note asks in the meantime for information regarding the composition and strength of General Haller's army, the date of its landing and the date of its transit to Poland.

Finally, the question is asked what guarantees the Allies could offer that General Haller's army or a portion of it will not participate in Polish demonstrations or possible insurrections of the Polish minority.

According to the Central News correspondent, it is authoritatively stated that President Wilson shares Mr. Lloyd George's view that the Polish corridor to Dantzig must be arranged so as not to include territory where the population is preponderantly German.

"Satisfactory progress" continues to be made by the Big Four. Yesterday they discussed the Franco-German frontier, but no decision has yet been reached.—Reuter.

An Exchange message says there is a likelihood of a complete change in the conditions of the basis of peace.

"HOLD TOGETHER" CALL TO INDUSTRY.

Premier Likely to Address the Industrial Conference.

The Daily Mirror learns that the Prime Minister will almost certainly attend and speak at the resumed Industrial Conference on April 4, if he is able to return from Paris in time.

About 300 employers and 400 workmen's representatives are expected to attend.

The delegates will also receive a full report of the speeches made at the last Conference, which contains a foreword by the Prime Minister, in which he asks a sacrifice of the community to "hold together" in order that a just and enduring peace may be obtained.

The unofficial strikes of miners against the acceptance of the Government's offer are breaking.

The Chesterfield District miners yesterday agreed to resume work on Monday.

Notts miners were unable to agree at their conference yesterday, and it was decided to ask the Coal Controller to appoint an arbitrator.

A thousand miners at Ashton-under-Lyne will resume work on Monday.

Four hundred miners at the Jubilee pits of Sandwell Park Colliery, Staffordshire, downed tools yesterday expressing themselves dissatisfied with the Sankey report.

Men at Bredbury (Cheshire) collieries, who have downed tools, have no grievance and some of the men do not know why they are out.

Nationalisation.—The Scottish Railways Stockholders' Protection Association announce in a circular to the shareholder that the Prime Minister is reported to have stated to the executive of the National Union of Railwaymen that it is the intention of the Government to nationalise the railways and that an early measure to that effect will be introduced into Parliament.

FIRE-EATER'S CHALLENGE.

General von Plessen, who is aged eighty, challenged Count Hohenbrock to a duel for describing the Kaiser's conduct as cowardly. The Count has declined the challenge, says the Lokal-Anzeiger.—Reuter.

Allied War Chiefs to Meet the Red Peril—Momentous Paris Consultations.

BOLSHEVIST ON ALLIES' ECONOMIC GRIP.

The Barrier.—The "Four-Power" Premiers in Paris have called in Allied War Chiefs to advise them on the Bolshevist situation in Hungary and neighbouring countries. It is reported that General Mangin will command the Allied troops in Hungary and Rumania to form a barrier from the Baltic to Odessa. A Red leader complains that the Allies' economic strangle-hold is ending Bolshevism.

The Dantzig Question.—The Allies have warned Berlin that the Polish army must be landed at Dantzig, otherwise the armistice will be declared broken. The Germans, replying in a Note of the usual "hedging" character, allege bad faith against the Poles, and demand guarantees.

EUROPE'S BARRIER AGAINST BOLSHEVISM.

Rumanian General's Plan Developing.

At a meeting of the "Big Four"—Clemenceau, Lloyd George, Wilson and Orlando—in Paris, Marshal Foch and Generals Pershing (U.S.) and Sir Henry Wilson and Diaz (Italy) attended.

In French diplomatic circles it is pointed out that the presence of Marshal Foch and the other Allied generals is a sufficient indication that the discussion was of a military order, and it is concluded that the Council dealt with the measures to be taken in view of the establishment of the Soviet regime in Budapest—measures which, it is thought, will be of an inter-Allied character.

It is asserted that to-day the question of raising the blockade of Hungary may be considered.

NO FRESH TROOPS WANTED.

Generalissime, former Chief of the Rumanian Headquarters Staff, is of the opinion that the most solid barrier that can be opposed to Russian Bolshevism would be unity of command on the Polish and Rumanian fronts by a French leader who has given proof of his ability on the western front.

In this way, he says, the general line of the front would

Start from the mouth of the Vistula, Pass to the east of Lemberg, and Then follow the course of the Dniester.

The scheme, says the general, requires no fresh troops.

It is stated that General Brusilov's plan is already well on the way to being realised, and that General Mangin will be entrusted with the command of the Allied troops in Hungary and Rumania.—Exchange.

A Geneva telegram to the Petit Parisien states that two Rumanian army corps have crossed the frontier of Eastern Galicia.

The Republic of Czechoslovakia is also taking military measures against the Hungarian revolution, notably at Rapat.—Exchange.

"END OF BOLSHEVISM."

A telegram to Stockholm from Petrograd says Lunatsarsky, one of the most prominent members of the Bolshevist Government, at the recent International Bolshevist Conference, said the position of the Bolshevist Government had

NEWS ON OTHER PAGES.

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Why the "National" Ignored Beckett, page 16.

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become absolutely intolerable; the principal enemy of Bolshevism was the Allied economic blockade, and if this continued he foreshadowed the end of Bolshevism.—Reuter.

Information has been received in American circles in Washington that a Russian bearing credentials from the Bolshevist Government has arrived there demanding recognition as ambassador.—Reuter.

DICTATOR OF HUNGARY.

New Government Working According to His Instructions.

BALE, Friday.
It is announced from Hungarian sources here that the Soviet authorities in Budapest have declared their intention of escorting the Allied missions to the frontier.—Reuter.

A telegram from Budapest, received in Copenhagen yesterday, said that at a meeting yesterday of delegates of the old Communist Party the Foreign Commissary, Belakun, said:—

"The Soviet constitution is being worked out



Duke of Brunswick. Duke of Cumberland.

Both these "British" peers have been convicted of aiding the King's enemies. (See news story on page 2.)

at present on the basis of Lenin's instructions. M. Belakun, in a statement to foreign journalists, says: "We are ready to live in peaceful and friendly relations with the Allies, if possible, but will fight for our just interests."

BERLIN, Thursday.
The Spartacists at Spandau planned a rising for to-day, and intended to arm several thousand Russians from Ruhlshen Prison.

The Americans, however, rushed the Russians on board trains last night and scattered them under American guard throughout Germany.

It is believed that this prompt action nipped in the bud a big Bolshevist plot intended to back up the Hungarians.

Bolshevism in Poland.—Bolshevism is daily extending in Poland.

Siberian Victory.—A telegram from Omsk, dated the 27th inst., announces that Admiral Koltchak's army has recaptured the town of Ufa. The Red Army is now threatened with envelopment.

Odessa.—Several British warships are in the neighbourhood of Odessa. The situation is mainly in the hands of the French and Greek forces. No immediate anxiety is felt as to the fate of the town.

CODE OF MURDER.

Bolshevist Order for Assassinations in Every Country.

A special correspondent at Warsaw states that the Polish Government have received information from an authoritative source that the Inner Council of the Central Russian Soviet met at Moscow at the end of 1918 and drew up these instructions for the guidance of Bolshevist agents in other European countries.

Arrange for the diplomatic representatives of one country stationed in another country to be assassinated in order to provoke trouble between the two countries.

Organise Committees of Ministers and members of the Governments to be assassinated.

For the sabotage of important machinery, especially of mining machinery and of furnaces used in the iron and steel industries.

Organise strikes of railway employees.

To flood every country with forged bank notes. To incite soldiers to assassinate their officers.

To blow up arsenals.

Organise espionage in accordance with the requirements of actual warfare.

Typewritten copies of this priceless document were then prepared for the information of a number of Bolshevist agents, and some of these copies have found their way into Poland, where they have been seized.—Wireless Press.

U.S. VOLUNTEER CALL.

WASHINGTON, Friday.
The United States War Department has prepared for an immediate call for 50,000 volunteers for service in Europe to relieve members of the American expeditionary forces in France who desire to return home.—Reuter.

THE QUEEN'S DUET WITH TUNER OF BELLS.

How Workmen Heard the Song, "Eileen Alannah."

FOUNDRY PICTURE.

The King and Little "Hughie" and the Biscuit.

The King and Queen and Princess Mary paid a delightfully informal visit yesterday afternoon to Messrs. Mears and Stainbank, Whitechapel, E., the oldest bell founders in the country, for the "christening" of a new bell for Westminster Abbey.

The royal party, with whom was the Dean of Westminster, stayed nearly an hour in the foundry, taking the keenest interest in the moulding of the new bell. The Queen and Princess Mary each cast a little memento bell, ladling out the white-hot metal by themselves into the moulds.

And the workmen, after the new bell had been cast, had the rare privilege of hearing the Queen sing. Some sweet old times had been played by Bert Oliver, a tuner, on a peal of bells, and then somebody suggested the song, "Eileen Alannah."

"I should love to hear that," said her Majesty. "You know it?" she remarked, turning to the King. "It goes well," and beating time with her gloved hand she hummed the air in a very clear, sweet voice.

Then Bert Oliver clasped out the song on the bells and the Queen hummed the air all through. The scene, with the white glow of the furnaces in the distance and the workmen, in shirt-sleeves, standing round listening to the song, made a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

From the first the King took the deepest practical interest in the work of the foundry, asking innumerable questions, chatting with the workmen and "seeing for himself" how things were done.

THE MEMENTO BELLS.

When the white-hot metal had been poured into the mould for the new bell, his Majesty called the grey-haired foreman, Mr. Sell Dunwell, aside and chatted with him for over five minutes.

The unconventional, charming manner of the King soon put the man at his ease—in a little while he was talking quite freely with his Majesty. "I have been casting church bells for over thirty-five years, sir," he said.

"I wonder how many bells you have made?" asked the King.

The foreman shook his head. "I've made so many I couldn't say," he said. "We are just getting busy again now."

"Ah, I suppose the war made a difference to you!"

"Yes, your Majesty, we have been making munitions during the war. I'm glad to get back to the old work again."

Ladling out the liquid metal for the memento bells was rather a ordeal for the Queen and Princess Mary, but they tackled it smilingly. They each took the ladle in turn and carefully poured the fiery contents into the moulds.

Five of the old Abbey bells were now in the foundry. The oldest bell, cast by Richard de Wimshill in 1310, greatly took the King's fancy. He examined it very closely with the Dean of Westminster.

"I don't like all these peals, I wonder, has this old bell rung out all these years?" he remarked to the Dean.

"HUGHIE" AND THE QUEEN.

A piece of old bell, dated 1594, from Staplehurst, Kent, which was made by the firm, also greatly interested his Majesty. He took it up in his hands and minutely examined the old carved surface and the quality of the metal.

Just as the royal party were going through a yard back into the shop, the Queen noticed Mrs. Hughes, wife of one of the managers of the firm, standing at her door with her little boy, Hughie, in her arms.

The King and Queen at once went over to her. Her Majesty took hold of the tiny fingers, but Hughie, pushing with his other arm against the Queen's furs, was not to be won over all at once.

Hughie was handed a biscuit. "Say 'Ta' for the biscuit," said the Queen.

The baby took the biscuit but would not say "Ta." At last, after some persuasion, Hughie cried out "Ta!" in a loud voice. The King and Queen laughed heartily. Friendship was established and the little boy handed the biscuit to his Majesty.

The King held the biscuit for a minute and then placed it on a window sill. "There," he said, "we'll put it there for the 'dickies'!"

When the royal party drove away the crowds in the Whitechapel road were so thick that it was some little time before the royal car could pass through the cheering ranks of East End children, who waved flags and shouted at the top of their voices.

A PEER APOLOGISES FOR SLANDER.

Ld. Galway's Error About
Sir Charles Walston.

THOUGHT HE WAS GERMAN

An action for slander brought by Sir Charles Walston, of Cambridge, against Lord Galway was withdrawn in the King's Bench Division yesterday after Lord Galway had expressed his regret.

Lord Galway's counsel said that defendant was prepared to pay a hundred guineas to any charity named by Sir Charles as a substantial recognition of the error into which he had fallen.

Lord Galway's error lay in thinking that Sir Charles Walston was a German. An incident at Claridge's Hotel was also mentioned.

"A GERMAN NAME."

"Just the Same as Generals Foch and Weigand," Says Counsel.

Sir Edward Carson said that on December 1 last year General Foch and General Weigand, who had come over to this country, were at Claridge's Hotel. Sir Charles and his wife and children and some friends were asked to go to Claridge's Hotel to see them arrive. Among others there was Lord Galway. While the party were waiting in the hall Lord Galway got in front of Sir Charles and, turning round to him, said to him: "Stand back! You have no right to be here. You are a German." He also said to a mutual friend who was there, "Don't you know you are speaking to a German?"

Sir Edward Carson added that he was glad the case need not be fought, as he understood Lord Galway, on the correspondence, was prepared to apologise.

Sir Charles might very well have passed over an insult of that kind, were it not for the fact that he had a German name, just as General



Sir Charles Walston.



Lord Galway.

Foch and General Weigand had, and he had been subjected to annoyance by reason of that during the war.

Mr. Justice Darling: Is Walston a German name?

Sir Edward said the name had been changed during the war by a public announcement. The object was to get rid of everything, even the name, that was German. The name was changed from Waldstein to Walston.

Sir Charles was born in America in 1856. His father, prior to the plaintiff's birth, had been naturalised as an American. His lordship therefore saw that plaintiff, having been born in America of a naturalised American father, never was at any time a German.

He was an American citizen educated in New York at Columbia University and afterwards at Heidelberg University. He came to England in 1876, forty-two years ago, and had remained here ever since.

In 1914, when the war broke out, he offered his services in France, and he had among his immediate relations many serving in the British Army.

Lord Galway, as one would expect, was prepared to apologise, and to pay 100 guineas to a charity to be named by Sir Charles.

Sir Charles and his wife had been engaged to a large extent on local war charities, and there never was the slightest ground for suspicion or suggestion that he was not thoroughly a true and loyal and patriotic citizen of the country of which he was now a naturalised subject.

FULLY SATISFIED.

Lord Galway's Explanation of the Hotel Incident.

Sir Ellis Hume Williams, for Lord Galway, said that some time ago Lord Galway made the acquaintance of Sir Charles at Hamburg, and he was under the impression at Claridge's Hotel that Sir Charles, whose name was Waldstein when he first knew him, was German.

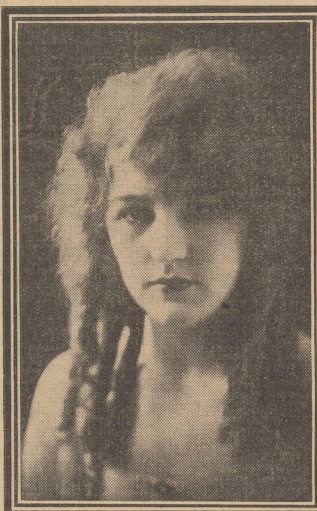
Sir Charles was in the crowd of people at Claridge's to see the arrival of the distinguished Allies, and Lord Galway, being under the mistaken impression that Sir Charles was a German, thought it wrong he should be there taking part in the reception, and said so.

Counsel desired to say as clearly as he could that Lord Galway was now fully satisfied that Sir Charles Walston was not of German nationality, and desired to express his deep regret that any remark made by him had given him annoyance and cast reflections upon him.

BEAUTY CONTEST ENTRANTS.



FINANCE.—Worked at the Bank of England on war loans.



AN ENTERTAINER.—Took part in concerts for the troops.



PLEASE NOTE.—Would you comply with our request and send address.



WAR WORKER.—A Brighton entrant with a good record of service.



WEST COUNTRY WAR WORKER.—A Weymouth entrant who worked in a munition factory.



AEROPLANIST.—Worked at the Royal Aircraft Factory, Farnborough.



A LONDON ENTRANT.—Was in the R.A.S.C. for ten months.

TO HELP RUMANIA.

Queen Marie's Farewell Appeal to
Englishwomen.

"ONE OF YOUR FORTRESSES."

Queen Marie of Rumania, who leaves for Paris to-day, is very anxious that Britain should be well represented in the works and gifts necessary for the reconstruction of her country.

Speaking to a *Daily Mirror* representative yesterday, she alluded to the urgency of the work, and asked that all money should be sent to her personally.

"My people," she said, "do not want charity. They will accept things from me which they could not otherwise accept."

She is anxious that Rumania and Great Britain should be drawn closer together, and her final message to the people of Great Britain is that they should be as sympathetic as possible with the aspirations of the Rumanian people.

"We are far away from you," Queen Marie added. "Consider us as one of your fortresses. I have met with many expressions of sympathy, and I am very grateful."

The *Daily Mirror* representative asked if English people were largely represented in Rumania, and her Majesty thought they were not. But America was.

The moral should not be lost upon the people of this country.

An exclusive interview with Queen Marie appeared in yesterday's *Daily Mirror*.

20 GNS. FOR PIANIST.

Verdict in the Lamond Libel Action.

The hearing of the action by Mr. Frederic Lamond, the celebrated pianist, against Messrs. E. Hulton and Company, Ltd., in respect of a published paragraph headed: "Obliged to Become a German," was concluded in the King's Bench Division yesterday, the jury awarding twenty guineas damages. Judgment was entered accordingly.

Mr. Justice Darling, summing up, said that when Mr. Lamond asked to Berlin from Switzerland he was not asked to go and dine with the Kaiser. He was put into Ruhleben.

The jury must look at all the circumstances. He married an Austrian wife, who was a very popular actress in Berlin, and he had his home and his child there.

When he wanted to get out of Switzerland he told the German police what was not true. He said if he came into Germany he might very likely become a German.

SHENKURSK RETIREMENT.

Tale of Gallant Resistance by
Americans and Cossacks.

The following further details regarding the withdrawal of Allied troops from Shenkursk on the night January 23-24 have now been received:—

On January 19 the enemy attacked our positions at Ist-Padeng, but was met with a gallant resistance by American and Cossack troops, who were, however, eventually forced to withdraw owing to the enemy's superiority of numbers.

On the same date a body of the enemy, about 400 strong, attacked and drove back our detachment on the River Tarnia, west of Shenkursk.

The retirement to Shaloshka was carried out with the loss of only one gun, and a line was taken up about twenty-five miles north of Shenkursk.

Reinforcements for this front have now arrived from Murmansk.

NURSE'S £6 A YEAR.

M.P.'s Jest—"Choice of Being
Killed by Expert or Quack."

The Nurses Registration Bill was read a second time without a division in the Commons yesterday.

In moving the Bill Captain Barnett said the Bill proposes to set up a central committee on which the Privy Council, the medical profession, nurses and matrons and nursing schools are represented.

The scheme was self-supporting. Major Sir S. Scott said that it was now open for anyone to be killed by a quack instead of by a fully-qualified doctor.

Sir Watson Cheyne mentioned the case of a nurse who had only £5 a year left for pocket money and making provision for old age.

MYSTERY OF WOMAN'S DEATH.

The dead body of an elderly woman, Mrs. Matilda Allen, was found yesterday with terrible injuries to the head, near a well-known public-house in High-street, Epsom.

The police have detained for inquiries an elderly man, who is stated to have been in the woman's company.

'NO RETURNS' ORDER ENDING

On and after Monday next all restrictions on the sale of newspapers on the customary terms of "sale or return" will be removed.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1919.

INCOME TAX CLUES.

HAD we the honour of being amongst those Wise Men appointed to consider the Income Tax, we should know at least one reform with which to begin the "alterations of law and practice" in regard to it.

We should design simpler forms to send to the taxpayer.

A little thing?

Yet a source, continually, bi-annually, of irritation to the victims. And as a *beginning* only, it would be good to let the taxpayer know what he is asked to pay; why he is asked to pay it; and, also, to ask him, not twice, thrice and twenty times over, in redundant and verbose demands, but once only, clearly, justly, in good English. . . .

Then, certainly, the great difficulties would follow.

And here first we might resolve not to use an economic proposition—a tax—in order to force social or political aims.

Nobody wants to pay. That is true. Patriotism, so violent, so aggressive, over a war, and over getting up wars, and continuing wars. East and West, North and South and all over the compass—patriotism is apt to become evasive when it's a question of paying for the wars. . . . But patriotism also has great ideas as to how other people ought to live—ought to be made to live.

Force is still the order of the day.

Liberty, liberalism, toleration, the right to manage one's own life—these things are out of fashion. And so patriotism says, in one sphere: "Prevent people abroad from forming the Governments they want." In another sphere (at home) it says: "Strike till you force the community to hold your view." And in regard to income tax it says: "Punish those who don't live as you think they ought to, by making them pay."

Tax bachelors. Tax people who keep a cat. Tax people with red hair. Tax people with plain faces. Why not tax mothers-in-law? A man has a fine picture. Tax him! A woman has a rebellious coiffure. Tax her! Tax 'em all.

No: a tax should be a means of raising revenue as fairly as possible, according to sound economic doctrine: not a means of "learning yer not to be a toad"—to put the matter in the old way. It should be directed to getting money. It should not try to teach people how to live.

GOOD OLD GRAND NATIONAL!

THE Grand National—grander than ever—yesterday. Summer time again. The turn of the year. The return of usual things. . . .

Our Puritans will complain of these restorations.

We disagree with them.

A current of ordinariness helps to restore the needed stability, in a time when, more than ever, "all things flow away, nothing remaineth." Institutions must be transformed. Houses must be rebuilt. Uglification must and will proceed. It is the law of Progress.

But custom, manners, cinemas, dances, races, ways of living?

These apparently remain—or lag behind those others. And many people find them a relief as a means of steadying themselves in the prevailing flux. If they go—if there were no Grand National, but, say, a Grand Bolsheval, with horses starting when, where and how they liked without riders—where could we look for this principle of steadiness, to set against the change? Why, we could then only count on the weather—"changeable," but always the same in spring, and for the Grand National: watery sun, freezing blasts, blizzards, bronchitis, chills. W. M.

ARE WIVES DULL TALKERS AT HOME?

THE ART OF ENLIVENING DINNER WITH DISCUSSION.

By JANE BROWNHILL.

THE returned soldier has a grievance.

He complains (secretly) of his wife and family's dullness at meals.

"What," he asks plaintively, "after all their splendid war work have wives gone back to being mere domestic creatures, only interested in domestic concerns? I grant that these things are important in running a house. But we men do get fed up with hearing nothing but domestic worries."

A returned officer tells me he has found out that women only want to talk personalities. "They hate abstract ideas. Their world revolves round themselves and their families."

about at present, anything rather than perpetual domestic worries."

So says another friend. . . .

Fault-finding must be banished from family meals. Domestic worries can be pushed into the background. The wife can interest herself in the husband's favourite topics and he must reciprocate.

"The real cause of dullness in the average family circle is that neither the average wife nor the average husband ever look upon conversation as an art to be studied. How few parents take the trouble to teach their children to be interested in things of the mind. It is all personal happenings. And these get exhausted as topics of conversation."

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS!

Further, a series of sharp questions bother a man.

Don't ask him questions when he comes in! Wait a little. Wait and see. See what his mood is. Sound him. Learn what his tem-

WHAT THE PLAIN MAN CANNOT UNDERSTAND.—No. 2.

WHEN HE LOOKS OUT OF HIS WINDOW, HE SEES —



ENDLESS STRIKES,



PEACE CELEBRATIONS,



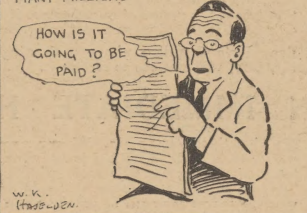
PREPARATIONS FOR HOLIDAYS,



A MILLION UNEMPLOYED!



WHEN HE READS HIS PAPER, HE SEES THAT THE NATION IS IN DEBT TO THE EXTENT OF MANY MILLIONS



When and how we are going to pay our vast war debt if we don't soon settle down to work.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

One cynic declares he has made notes as to the topics of conversation round his own table.

"Eighty per cent. were on domestic happenings, 10 per cent. were captious criticisms on their acquaintances, while the rest was made up of stereotyped remarks about food, dances and theatres."

His verdict about family conversation was that it was either "deadly dull, inane and trifling, or complete silence about anything beyond trivialities."

Who is really to blame for this state of family dullness at meals?

"The wife," says the husband. "It is she who ought to set the tone. If she shows no interest in anything beyond personalities and domestic things, it is useless trying to talk of anything else."

But what do men really want to talk about? "Themselves and their own interests," says a feminine critic. "Clothes and personalities are no worse than continual talk on golf or sport. Nor do we want to talk like learned professors at table."

Still, there seems something in the plea for more interesting conversation at meals. "What I should like is more talk about impersonal things. The latest book, the discussion of the many new ideas of living that are

per's like. Begin with something soothing. As dinner goes on you may get your chance of saying what you want about the servants.

The wife who is dull at her own table must not be surprised if her husband relaxes into complete silence or buries himself in his paper. It is up to her to find mental as well as physical food. Dull meals make for dyspepsia. And dyspeptic men make bad-tempered husbands.

Therefore wives must sparkle at their tables with the brilliance of their own crystal and silver!

In any case, let them keep off domestic worries—till dinner is over.

Men are in better temper after dinner—at least, if the dinner's at all nice!

And if it isn't then dull talk won't mend it. On the other hand, I have known of poor dinners eaten with a contented resignation.

A man once said "I never dine out. The talk at home is what I like. It seems to help me to digest." He evidently had an admirable wife.

But she wasn't a good cook. I dined there. The soup was uneatable. But the talk was so cheerful one hardly noticed.

Here, then, is some first aid for bad cooks! Let them see that they get good table talk!

PEACE CELEBRATIONS.

WOULD WE TO RETURN TO THE "JAZZ SPIRIT"?

REVELRY?

THANKS for your article and letters on this subject.

It is incredible that another "beanfeast" should be preparing.

Let us think of our dead. That will keep us from further revelry. S. M. Putney.

OUR UNITY.

SURELY the people ought to have an opportunity of realising that we are at peace!

These united celebrations help to bring a consciousness of our unity as a nation. PATRIOT, Cheapside, E.C.

TOO SORROWFUL.

I QUITE agree with "Silver Badger."

The bonfires and jollifications hardly seem necessary.

Surely there is too much sorrow in the world for such a thing.

In 1918 my best friend and pal was killed, and to me to see all this madness is most hurtful and heartrending. WAR WIDOW.

THE MUNITION WORKER'S VIEW.

DOES the Silver Badger man who suggested thanksgiving for Peace Day realise how much the munition worker has done during the past four years?

If it had not been for the munition worker he probably would not now be wearing his silver badge.

And also munition workers have lost comrades in their war work and now need a little jollification to forget such sad times.

MANY MUNITION WORKERS, Hayes, Middlesex.

WHERE DO THEY STAND?

WITH reference to the agreed report of the joint committee appointed by the Industrial Conference, clerical workers will be anxious to know how they stand in connection with the proposals made therein.

Is clerical work recognised as a "trade"? Do the recommended minimum hours of work and rate of pay apply to clerks?

It would appear to be "up to" clerks to perfect their organisation, and it would be in the interest of unorganised clerks to take the tip of the joint committee of the Industrial Conference and join their trade union (the National Union of Clerks) without delay.

J. PATERSON BRYANT.

ART AND THE PEOPLE.

THE ability shown by miners and other manual workers to stitch in blending colours of "alleged silk" upon a pattern beautifully designed and clearly marked by the fabric manufacturer for the convenience of the worker does not constitute any very great indication of artistic ability on the part of the "art needleworker."

Whilst not denying that such ability is abundantly found amongst the working classes, surely we need a better test of creative art than is afforded by such recreation? J. A.

THE MEANING OF DREAMS.

HAS "Futurity" ever sampled the dream that arises from roast pork or lobster salad?

Or does he know the dream that is born of some persistent noise in the night (a rattling window or the drip of the bath tap)?

Would he claim either of these as spiritual? CONSTANT DREAMER.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Freemasonry and—Bolshevism.—"Mason" cannot be a Freemason, as if he was one he would know from his initiation oath and the whole ceremony that it is impossible for a Freemason to be a Bolshevik.—SHOLTO HARE.

Summer Time.—The decision of the Canadian Government to discontinue the daylight saving scheme may well prove the death blow to this ridiculous movement, which I trust will soon be abolished here also. The game of "let's pretend" is all very well for children, but if we do it with the time we might as well do it with the weather. Let's pretend that March is July, and that we are now experiencing a heat wave!—REASON.

A Tax or a Wife?—To tax bachelors is absurd, and I for one shall resist the imposition of such a tax by every means in my power. Few men are bachelors from choice. Many men are single because they cannot afford to marry, which is unfortunate, and many others because they can't find a girl to have them, which is more unfortunate still. Why tax them for what they cannot help?—QUERY.

IN MY GARDEN.

MARCH 28.—Dwarf roses should now be pruned. The hybrid perpetuals must be attended to first, and a week or two later the hybrid teas and leas.

Take out all dead wood and unhealthy growths and shorten other shoots, according to the vigour of the variety. Cut to a bud pointing outwards so as to keep the centre of the rose-tree open. After pruning, lightly stir the surface of the beds, turning in manure unless a dressing was given earlier. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In a moment there often dwells the sense of eternity; for when profoundly happy, we know that it is impossible to die. Whenever the soul feels its self, it feels everlasting life!—Butler Lytton.

Keep in Touch



THE SOLDIER'S GREAT CHANCE.

SERVING SOLDIERS of certain ages and categories are now offered an opportunity of re-enlistment for short periods, on terms such as have never before been offered to the British Army. Men are wanted for Service at Home and Abroad (in the overseas garrisons and India) for the next two, three, or four years; and distinct advantages are offered to those who are willing to remain in the Army for these limited periods. The terms are such as merit the careful consideration of every man whose future position is not assured.

The offer is open to non-commissioned officers and men of 18 to 35, married or single, now serving with the Armies who are in medical categories A or B (i). Men serving on normal attestations are available if their colour service expires before 1st September, 1919. Men on demobilisation furlough may re-enlist. THIS OFFER is NOT open to men who have been discharged, demobilised or transferred to the Reserve.

Any man in doubt as to his position can obtain full particulars from his Commanding Officer, or, if he is on demobilisation leave, from the Commanding Officer of the nearest unit.

Men now in the Army who are not serving voluntarily become volunteers by re-enlisting under this scheme.

There are three periods of re-enlistment open—27 months, 39 months, and 51 months—and the special bounty offered varies according to the period chosen by the soldier.

BOUNTY, BONUS AND FURLOUGH.

The following are the terms offered to men re-enlisting for either of the three periods named:—

A man who re-enlists FOR 27 MONTHS

Receives
a £20 BOUNTY,
payable in three equal instalments, the first upon acceptance.

The same ordinary rates of pay as now, according to rank.

The Bonus paid to the Armies of Occupation.

War Service Pay and

TWO MONTHS' FURLOUGH,
at home on full pay.

Separation allowances to families and dependents continue, as shown below.

A man who re-enlists FOR 39 MONTHS

Receives
a £40 BOUNTY,
payable in five equal instalments, the first upon acceptance.

The same ordinary rates of pay as now, according to rank.

The Bonus paid to the Armies of Occupation.

War Service Pay and

THREE MONTHS' FURLOUGH,
at home on full pay.

Separation allowances to families and dependents continue, as shown below.

A man who re-enlists FOR 51 MONTHS

Receives
a £50 BOUNTY,
payable in five equal instalments, the first upon acceptance.

The same ordinary rates of pay as now, according to rank.

The Bonus paid to the Armies of Occupation.

War Service Pay and

THREE MONTHS' FURLOUGH,
at home on full pay.

Separation allowances to families and dependents continue, as shown below.

Each man receives the bonus now being paid to the Armies of Occupation, as long as that bonus is paid, and, if with sufficient service, War (Service) Pay ranging from £1.10s. to £6 a year. The families of men who were married prior to 11th December, 1918, will continue to draw Separation Allowance at the rates issuable on that date throughout the period of re-enlistment if not able to accompany the regiment overseas owing to the limited accommodation available.

Dependents of soldiers who were drawing Separation Allowance prior to 11th December, 1918, will continue to receive it.

AN IMMEDIATE HOLIDAY.

See what these terms mean. Wherever possible, the long furlough promised to the man who re-enlists will be granted immediately. He has two or three months' holiday at home, on full pay and allowances, with an instalment of his Bounty to save or spend. The pay, including the Bonus now paid to the Armies of Occupation, is on such a scale that the lowest rank can at present put 21s. a week in his pocket clear of all expenses of living. This compares more than favourably with the average man in civil life.

THERE ARE OTHER ADVANTAGES. So far as possible, every man will be posted to the unit in which he is now serving if he so desires. While he is serving for the extended period he will be able to attend the educational classes now arranged for men in the Army.

TO SUM UP, the re-enlisted man will receive higher pay than has ever before been given to the British soldier. He will enjoy a long holiday at home, he will receive a substantial bounty and bonus, and his family or dependents will receive their allowances. He will have a splendid opportunity of SEEING THE WORLD under peace conditions, and, while he is living a healthy, vigorous life, he will have every facility for fitting himself for his return to civil life.

ALL THE SOLDIER HAS TO DO.

For the man who loves soldiering, the man now in the Army whose place in life is not yet assured, or the man who wants to see the world, no better opportunity could be offered.

All the soldier who wants to take advantage of this offer has to do is to ask his Commanding Officer for particulars. If he is on demobilisation leave, he should ask the Commanding Officer of the Unit nearest the place in which he is staying. The latter will give him full information. THIS INQUIRY SHOULD BE MADE AT LEAST FIVE DAYS BEFORE HIS LEAVE EXPIRES.

No limit has been placed as yet on the period during which this scheme will be open, but re-enlistment for any period or for any arm of the service is liable to be closed at any time that may seem desirable to the Military Authorities. So, ask for particulars at once. The response is sure to be heavy, and you may be too late.

Ask your Commanding Officer for Particulars to-day.

After temporary stoppage owing to the war

GOLF ILLUSTRATED

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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. W. H. BERRY. "THE BOY" Today, at 2 and 8. Mat. Wed. and Sat. at 2. **AMBASSADORS.** LEE WHITE in a new song show "US." Every Eve. 8.20. Mat. Fri. Sat. 8. **APOLLO.** Carr. 2.24.5. Every Evening, at 8. Mats, Tues and Sat. 2.30. OH, JOY. A new Musical Play. **BURGHAM.** Opera Seaside, Drury Lane. Today. "Pann-hauer." Tonight, 8. "Cavalier and Papillon." **COMEDY.** Evening, at 8.15. "TAILS UP." Musical Entertainment. Matinee, Mon. Fri. Sat. 2.30. **COURT.** Nightly, 7.45. Mat. Wed. Thurs. Fri. Sat. 2.15. **CRITERION.** "Twelfth Night." Mats, Sat. 2.15. Today, 2.30 and 8. Last 2 Performances. **DALYS.** 2 and 8. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Nightly, 3. Mats, Tues and Sat. 2.30. **DUKE OF YORKS.** "THE MAN FROM TORONTO." George Tully, Eric Lewis. Mats, Tu. Th. Sat. 2.30. **GARRICK.** Evening, at 8.15. "THE MAN FROM TORONTO." presents Robert Lorraine as Cyrano de Bergerac. **GLOBE.** Marie Lorraine. 8.15 and 8.30. **HAYMARKET.** Today, 2.30 and 8. "UNCLE SAM." A Comedy of American Life. Mat. Wed. Th. Sat. 2.30. **HIS MAJESTY'S.** (3rd Year). "CHU CHIN CHOW." Nightly, at 7.30. Mats, Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. **KINGSWAY.** Musical Comedy. "SOLDIER BOY." Every, at 8.15. Mats, Tues. Fri. Sat. 2.30. **LONDON PAVILION.** Mat. Mon. Wed. Sat. 2.30. **WERE.** Every, 8.20. Mat. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. **LYCEUM.** Every, 2.30 and 8.20. **Gerrard 7617.** **LYRIC.** HAMMERSTEIN. Mats, Th. 5, and Wed. next. 8.15. **ABRAHAM LINCOLN.** by John Driscoll. **MASKELVINE'S THEATRE OF MYSTERY.** 3 and 8. **NEW.** At 2.30 and 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Irving, L. Bratton, L.M. Mon. Mats, M. Th. Sat. 2.30. **OXFORD.** Every, 8.30. "IN THE NIGHT WATCH." Madge Tiberdine. Mat. Mon. Wed. and Sat. 2.30. **PALADROME.** At 2.30 and 8. "THE NAUGHTY PART." Charles Hawtree, Gladys Cooper. Mats, M. Th. 8.2.30. **PRINCES.** Mat. Wed. Fri. Sat. 2.30. **QUEEN'S.** "THE HOUSE OF PERIL." Open Nates. Evening, at 8.15. **ROYALTY.** 8.15. Mat. Th. Sat. 2.30. **CEASAR'S WIFE.** by W. B. Maughan. Pat. Compton, C. Smith. **ST. JAMES.** Gertrude Elliott in "THE BOY OF YOUTH." Today, 2.30 and 8.15. Matinee, Wed. and Sat. at 2.30. **MARTIN.** "FRODO BAGGINS." Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. **NEPS.** REYNOLDS HICKS. Mat. Tues and Sat. 2.30. **ROY.** Gilbert Miller presents "THE BOY OF YOUTH." "TRUTH." At 2.30, 8.15. Mats, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. **SCALA.** MATHESON LANG in "THE PURPLE MASK." Every, 8.15. Mats, Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. **SHAFTESBURY.** "YES UNCLE!" (2nd Year). Evening, 8.15. Mats, Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. **STAND.** ARTHUR BOURCHIER in "SCANDAL." Evening, 8. Matinee, Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. **VAUDEVILLE.** At 8.15. Nelson Keys in "BUZZ BUZZ." Every, Margaret Baumann. Mats, Tu. Th. Fri. Sat. 2.20. **WYNDHAM'S.** THE LAW DIVINE. A Comedy by H. V. Esmond. 2.30 and 8.15. Mats, Tues. Wed. Sat. 2.30. **ALHAMBRA.** Every, 8. Mats, Wed. Th. Sat. 2.15. Big Screen on Broadway. Every Evening. World's latest sensation. **COLISEUM.** (Ger. 7541). 2.30 and 7.45. Serge Diag. **THE RUSSIAN BULL.** The Russian Bull. Every Evening. **HIPPODROME.** London—2.45 and 8.45. **JOY-BELLS!** **HIMSELF KELLOGG.** GEORGE ROBEY. Ger. 650. **THE PALACE.** William Wallace. Every Evening. **AMERICA!** Elsie Janis, Maurice Chevalier, Billy Mercer. **PALADROME.** Every, 8.15. Mats, Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. **TICHER.** MAX DAREWSKI, MAY MOORE DUPREZ. **PHILHARMONIC HALL.** (Portland-st.) WITH CAPT. SCOTT IN THE ANTARCTIC. 2.30, 8.15. **NEW GALLERY.** Mae Marsh in "The Cinderella Man." Mat. Bennett in "The Biggest Show on Earth." **QUEEN'S (Small Hall).** Tea Dance, 4 p.m. (4s. 6d.) Evening Dance, 8 p.m. Evg Dress (4s. 6d.). Jazz Band.

PERSONAL.

"TIM."—Beating back. Do write or phone. Love. **OFFICERS'** Second-hand Uniform, Mould, Jewellery, Boots, Crunks, Underwear, Everything. World's largest selection. Wholesale, retail, buying, selling. Outfitting. The best-known firm in the officers' second-hand trade—Goldman's Uniforms, Devonport. **SUPERFLUOUS** Hair permanently removed from face with electricity. Ladies only. 51a, Prince of Wales, 51a, Last seen descending in difficulties at the Amiens front well over the lines in Camel machine B 6369. May have lost memory. Any information will be appreciated by Jumbair, Bank House, 4, Liscard Village, Wallasey, Cheshire.

MISSING SOLDIERS.

MISSING. 2nd Lieut. Leslie Campbell Story, age 19, 200 Squadron R.A.F. about 51a, Prince of Wales, 51a, Last seen descending in difficulties at the Amiens front well over the lines in Camel machine B 6369. May have lost memory. Any information will be appreciated by Jumbair, Bank House, 4, Liscard Village, Wallasey, Cheshire.

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THE OVERSEAS DAILY MIRROR

STUDENT - SOLDIERS ON THE RHINE.

LECTURES AND SPORTS MEET- INGS INSTEAD OF PARADES.

By JOHN HENDERSON.

Some account of "Tommy's" varied life in the Army of Occupation in Germany.

THE British soldier in the Army of Occupation need never know what it is to experience a dull moment. He is encouraged to be happy.

Never was fighting man more generously supplied with opportunity for amusement and recreation. He goes to Bonn or Cologne as a soldier, but, from the life he lives in those ancient centres of learning, he might almost as well be counted a student finishing his university career.

Not only is his mental outlook enlarged and his scholarship improved, but he is introduced to sports and pastimes, many of which he previously encountered only in printed sheets.

Instead of drill and route marches he is permitted, if he so elect, to attend classes and lectures. It is possible for him to learn the rudiments of the decimal system and the mystery of the English alphabet.

If he is already advanced beyond the elementary stage, he can dabble in abstruse science or dead languages; perhaps even master the complications of applied mechanics.

Few subjects are beyond the scope of the Army educational syllabus. There are classes for practical shoemaking and courses for motor driving; Mr. Atkins may, if he care to, become a cook or an actor, a parson or a clerk with a thorough knowledge of shorthand, typewriting and French.

CLASSES IN EVERYTHING.

Or, if he is intellectually ambitious, it is possible for him to attend lectures on almost any subject from Greek mythology to the life and habits of the common earthworm.

In pursuits of this description he may spend his morning hours instead of following the old fashion of sloping arms and forming fours for four or five hours on the battalion parade ground.

The afternoon is given over to sport.

He can choose between Association football and Rugby, or it may be he would prefer a cross-country run or a game of hockey. In many places he is able to accompany a party and (if he can only borrow a gun) have a pot shot at an occasional hare, a multitude of rabbits or a flock of wood-pigeon.

If he is well over the Rhine and at the bridgeheads, he may even be permitted to go after roebuck with his rifle.

At any time during the afternoon he can have fifteen minutes' instruction in boxing, or, if he already has knowledge, a three-round contest can be arranged. On the mat he can practise, or learn, the art of wrestling in any style, or, under a competent instructor, improve his physique by physical exercises.

PLENTY OF SPORT.

According to his build and temperament he goes in for the tug-of-war, the three-mile, one-mile, or sprinting race, the hurdles, cock-fighting, or sun-fishing, or it may be he practises the art of climbing the greasy pole. Imagine the fine sporting spirit engendered by these competitions.

Inter-platoon competitions are like school house matches, company competitions are like school meetings; but inter-battalion engagements are Oxford and Cambridge sports—only more so.

And for the night, after his strenuous day, the Rhine guardsman can choose between a debating or dramatic society, a smoking concert, the divisional Follies, a sing-song in the canteen, or chess or a book in one or other of the recreation rooms.

To keep fit it is to be ready.

After four and a half years of war army organisation has become perfect, and the training of men and the methods of keeping them fit have become a science.

Yet the hours of relaxation themselves are so filled with labour that makes for health and happiness that each day is filled with shining hours of work.

For, despite his apparently easy time, "Tommy" is not suffered to be lax in the matter of discipline.

The British soldier in Germany is there to demonstrate the might of the Empire.

Those parades which he necessarily must perform are carried out with clockwork precision, and the changing of a guard in Cologne is as smart and efficient a performance as any we could see at, say, the trooping of the colour on Horse Guards Parade in the old days of peace.

MARRIAGE—WHERE THERE IS NO HOME-LIFE

THE NEED OF LIVING AMONG ONE'S OWN FURNITURE.

By W. HAROLD THOMSON.

REGARD, if you please, my friend John and his fiancée Mary—an excellent couple typical of many a thousand couples to-day.

They are deeply in love, they are engaged, they mean to become man and wife in the autumn.

Mary is a delightful girl and John is what is known as a jolly good fellow.

But, note this, Mary's parents are, one might say, poor, and John, though able and ambitious, has only his modest salary upon which to face the financial world.

Any hope that he had of saving money was crushed by the wicked war, and so, although he is determined to marry, he cannot, he confesses, set up, meantime at least, anything in the nature of a real home.

Now, I venture to assert that in getting married under such circumstances John and Mary are wrong. I have seen something of these homeless marriages, which thought switches me away from John to my other friend Charles.

Charles, not merely thought that he would marry without having a home of his own and the necessary fixings, but did so.

He admits now that he was foolish. He is a normal man and his wife is a normal woman. He is discontented and his wife is discontented. They see their less rash acquaintances who did not go to the altar until the furniture had been bought, or at least bespoken, and—this is Charles' phrase—they feel sore.

I could quote to you out of my own experience case after case like this, and the lesson

to be learned, if young and adoring couples will learn any lesson—which is dubious—is that it is a short-sighted and a silly thing to marry until the home has been rented and the requisite contents have been secured.

It is all very well to say:

"Oh, but we care very little about the sticks. What, after all, is furniture if we have each other? We will be perfectly happy in furnished rooms until luck comes our way and we can buy what we want for a home of our own."

That sounds, I grant you, fine and idealistic. But it is not sound, and in the happiest of unions common sense plays quite an important part.

Marriage without real home life is by no means marriage as it should be, and I protest that you cannot know home life in furnished rooms or a furnished flat.

Besides, prices to-day being all round what they are, it is not reasonable to suppose that the girl and man who marry minus the necessary funds for furniture will be likely to have these funds when, instead of living singly, they join lives and practically double expenses.

True, in the ordinary course the husband's earning powers will increase with the passing of time, but—leaving out of count such pleasantries as legacies or the coming of unexpected good fortune—it is unlikely that he will be able for many a long day to produce the money for furniture and so on which he could not produce previous to his marriage.

All of which emboldens me to say that the about-to-be-married who are leaving the home to a distant future are woefully foolish.

The man who cannot provide his wife with a nest of her own already lined should not provide himself with a wife.

W. H. T.



MORE PATROL BOATS FOR THE RHINE—British motor-launches arriving at Cologne. A fair number are already on duty there.—(Official photograph.)

SUMMER TIME: THE GREAT CLOCK CRISIS.

IF BIG BEN WERE TO GO BOLSHEVIST.

By LEIGH D. BROWNLEE.

I OPENED my newspaper. First to catch my eye, in glaring headlines, were the words: "Clock Crisis: Grave Statement by the Minister of Horology."

Slightly startled, I went on to read of a country groaning "neath a general strike of timepieces."

Primarily, said this Minister of Horology, it had been a "strike against striking." Now practically every clock and watch in the land had ceased to go or to keep anything resembling accurate time.

Horologists, I was told, had hopelessly underestimated the effect of recent labour unrest upon clocks, which, unknown to the public, had been bitten to the very mainsprings by the strike mania. The recent return to Summer Time and the consequent putting on of clocks seemed to have fanned the spark into flame.

Most regrettable of all had been the behaviour of public timepieces. Big Ben had gone badly Bolshevist. The hands had raced round and round the dial for three days on end; then the mechanism ran down.

Yet two days later, during the inspection of the works by a clockmaker, the clock suddenly began to go. The investigator, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, went also.

The clock outside the Law Courts had dis-

played a cunning as deplorable as it was exasperating. One hour it was accurate to the second; the next slow; the next fast.

One morning it went backwards, and many people going to work turned round and hied homewards.

Synchronised clocks provoked endless trouble. There was the case of a man who quitted his flat in Golder's Green and reached a Government office in Whitehall ten minutes before he had left home. Others, apparently, spent ten hours in travelling from the City to Bloomsbury or Bayswater, to the despair of their wives and the rage of their clocks.

Little better, I saw, was the conduct of private timepieces. Cuckoo clocks cuckooed till canaries died of envy and cats tried to bite them. Alarm clocks "alarmed" at every hour of the day and night till their owners perished of insomnia or went sobbing to ear specialists.

Sober, sedate and high pedigree clocks, models of accuracy for decades past, ran down, burst their mainsprings, or shed their hands at the slightest provocation.

Worst of all, perhaps, were the watches. The wrist variety undid their straps and crashed earthwards; luminous watches burst into flame, badly burning their wearers, while the ordinary pocket kinds simply stopped and stayed stopped.

It was at this juncture that I awoke. A voice was saying: "If you don't get up, dear, you'll be late at the office. And don't forget to bring back the right time with you this evening. We've got to put on all the clocks to-night."

L. D. B.

HOW THE NEW TAXES MAY OPERATE.

SOME SPECULATIONS ON THE COMING VAST BUDGET.

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE.

The many possible ways of raising money by taxation are considered in this article.

A CENTURY ago taxation was well understood as the necessary instrument of sacrifice, and our forefathers rose nobly to the occasion.

Nearly half the entire cost of the Napoleonic wars was met out of revenue. At the same time, it has been taken for granted of late years that all taxing should recognise an irreducible minimum standard of public comfort. Therefore taxes have followed a rather narrow round, and Chancellors were surprised at the success of new departures.

Thus the entertainments tax yielded £5,000,000, or half a million more than the estimate, though it was three months late in going into operation.

Tea is a great stand-by, and so is tobacco. A few pence on these will add nearly £10,000,000 to the revenue.

A new tax on tobacco, by the way, rouses great interest in Ireland, where Sumatra and Turkish varieties of the leaf are successfully grown by pioneers like Colonel Everard and Lord Barrymore.

Now as to "luxuries."

OPEN YOUR MONEY BOX.

"We want to open your money-box," Mr. Harcourt said as a member of the Select Committee which considered these things. "But we won't stand you in a corner while we're doing it!"

That committee had learned "that you can do most things with the Briton, if you don't approach him in the temper of a nursery governess with the vapours."

Why not tax costly dinners and dresses? Here are impostos going back to Greek and Roman days, and cropping up throughout our own history.

A law of Edward III., in 1336, condemned "the outrageous and excessive multitude of meats" which great men of the kingdom used in their castles. And "persons of inferior rank" followed suit—"beyond what their stations could afford."

In the next reign both men and women were taken to task for wearing "excessive and inordinate apparel, to the displeasure of God and the enrichment of strange lands." Paris was even then the source of the modes!

Elaborate funerals were frowned upon in the Merrie Monarch's day, and the clergy exacted sworn statements from the bereaved that the law had been obeyed.

What were defined as "luxuries" by the Select Committee were yachts, motor-cars, fine furs, silks, perfumes, musical instruments, curios and antiques, books in costly bindings, fans, riding and hunting garments, jewels and precious stones, pictures and works of art, billiard tables and liqueurs.

Schedules of men's and women's clothing were also drawn up, as well as restaurant and hotel rates.

TAXING THE TOURIST.

But the Committee had a toilsome task; one that bristled with difficulties and brought about angry resignations.

It was the same in America, where no two statesmen could agree as to "What are luxuries?"

Certainly the limit of £7 7s. for a woman's tailored coat and skirt was too low. The five-guineas gown made a pretty to-do in Regent-street and the home.

And as for the thirty-five shilling hat—I think Paris said about this is best left in the original French!

So you see how thorny and beset is the Chancellor's path when he ventures into the unknown.

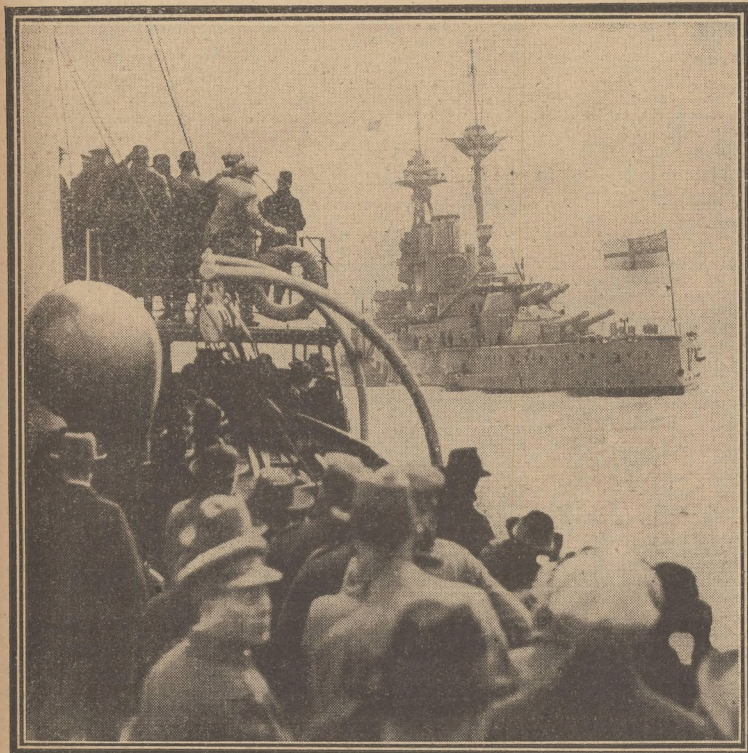
A tax on tourists going abroad has been proposed and seems equitable enough—especially in view of the tens of thousands of "comfortable" people who will want to visit the war zones, from Ypres to Rheims, and still farther afield.

That a great influx of visitors is expected is seen from the fact that American hotels are being built in the most famous centres.

Another impost proposed is one on posters and hoardings such as disfigure both town and country.

It is perfectly certain that the coming Budget will call for heroic measures, and that Mr. Chamberlain, like his predecessor last year, will gild each new tax or increase with an appeal to our people to bear it "in the same spirit in which they have submitted to sacrifice far more heavy than anything which can be reckoned in mere money value." I. P.

QUEEN ELIZABETH RECEIVES VISITORS



H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth, Sir David Beatty's flagship, is lying in the Mersey, and the public have been allowed to go on board. A crowded tender is seen arriving.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

GENERAL BOTHA ATTENDS HIS WEDDING

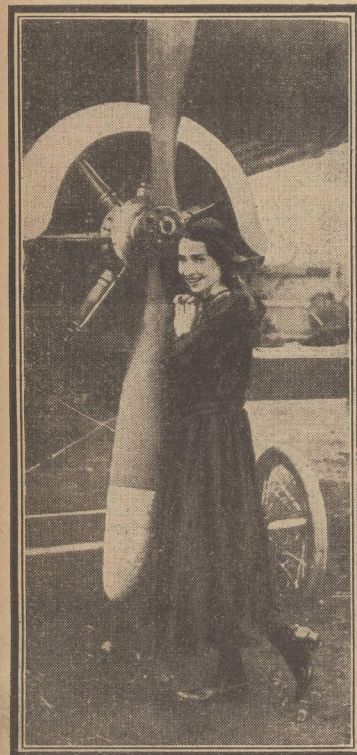


General Botha at the reception.



Bride and bridegroom walking from the church.

A very pretty wedding was that of Captain Louis Botha, son of the Premier of South Africa. The reception was held at Ipley Manor, the bride's home. Little girl



GIRL ENTRANT FOR FLIGHT.—Miss Katherine Stinson, the latest recruit to the ranks of the would-be Atlantic flyers. She was a Red Cross worker in France, but has returned to U.S.A. to take up aviation.



A "FREEMAN."—Mrs. Walter Lygon, who is to receive the freedom of North Berwick, Scotland, next month.



NURSED QUEEN.—Mrs. Elizabeth Stewart, of Balmah, who has died. She nursed Queen Victoria during her last illness.



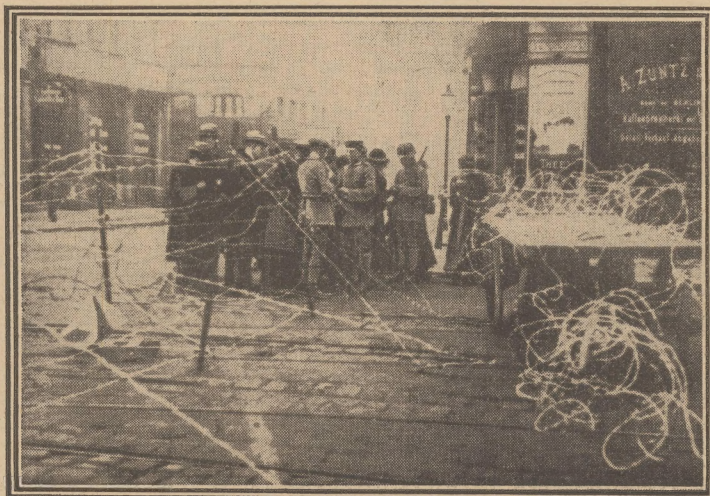
WORK THEY LIKE.—Disabled soldiers are trained at Buxton in any trade for which they show an aptitude.



GRAND OPERA.—Miss Deserée Ellinger, to be Nedda in Sir Thomas Beecham's production of "Pagliacci" to-night.



"THE DAY"—Miss A. M. ... produced a play in the Inn Hall.



THE SIEGFRIED LINE IN BERLIN.—Perfecting in the art by Hindenburg, the Government troops have erected barbed wire entanglements in the streets. The Bolsheviks don't like the look of them.



IS IT OUT OF BOUNDS?—Officers of the British Expeditionary Force are studying a map in order to locate a mission to visit.

SON'S WEDDING.



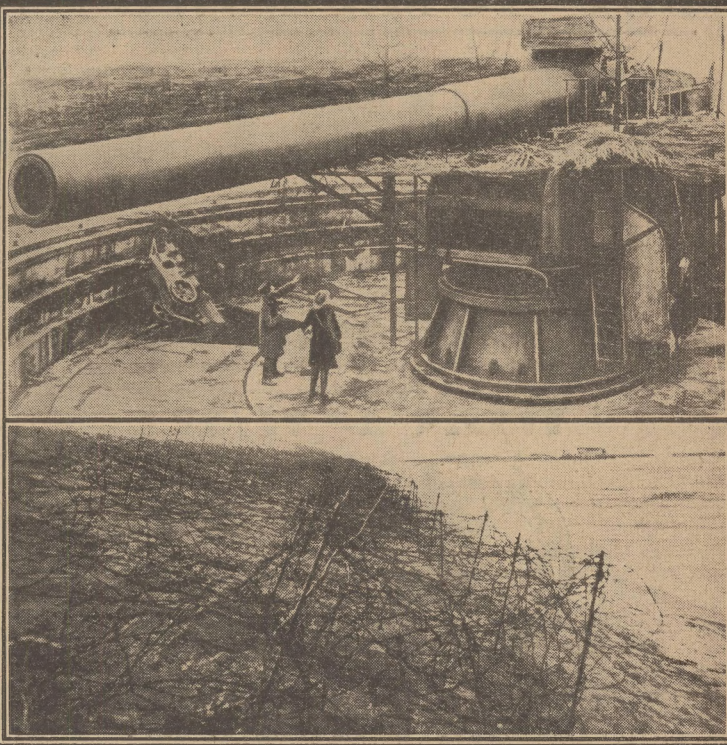
house. The villagers were there in force.
and-Miss Agnes Macdonald, at Dibden. The re-
fore her strewing flowers.

WOMEN FIRE FIGHTERS.



The peace time uniform of the
Women's Fire Protection Force,
who are trained to deal with out-
breaks in hospital, school, factory
or wherever they are working.

"BIG BERTHA'S" YOUNGER SISTER.



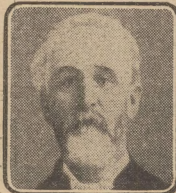
Ostend was severely damaged during the war. Here is one of the big guns and the famous Digue, a
mass of barbed wire. You cannot walk down to the sea for a bathe just yet.



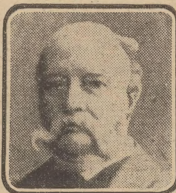
NEW BARONESS.—Lady
Hemphill, the wife of Cap-
tain the Hon. Fitzroy
Hemphill, who has just
succeeded to the title.



CENTRAL HULL.—Lord Eustace Percy (Coal-
ition) and his wife (right) visit the gasworks.
Polling takes place to-day.



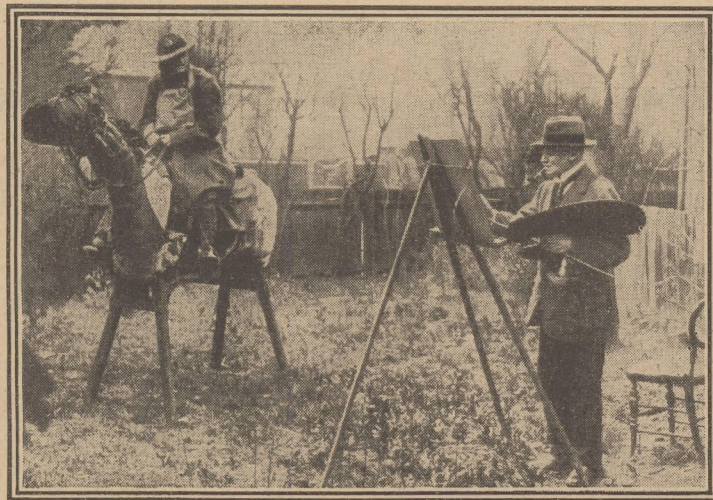
MISSIONARY DEAD.—
The Rev. T. Storr, who
has just died. He was a
missionary during the
Mutiny, and was at Lucknow



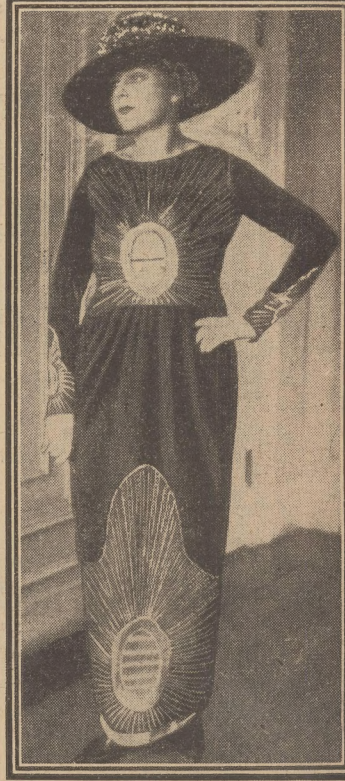
CRIMEAN VETERAN.—
Col. Henry Wood, C.B., who
has died, aged eighty-four.
He was at the siege of Se-
bastopol.



under the A.P.M. at Cologne
a member has applied for pers-
onograph.)



FRONT GARDEN AS STUDIO.—Captain W. B. Wollen painting his new Academy picture in his front
garden, which abuts on the main road, with an old-soldier for his model.



"MIDNIGHT BLUE SERGE."—This is the title
given to this dress by New York. Presumably
the greater, minus the midnight sun.

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following brilliant articles—

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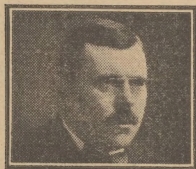


BY
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

(Editor of "John Bull.")

Who points out the increasing
perils of a state of half-peace,
half-war.

IF CHINA TURNS BOLSHEVIST



By **LOVAT FRASER**

Who throws a remarkable light
on the latest developments of the
Bolshevist menace.

How the "Sunday Pictorial's" Circulation grows.

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THE STRANGLE- HOLD ON TRADE



By **SYDNEY BROOKS**

Who urges that the only way to
restore prosperity is to remove the
shackles of bureaucracy.

SUNDAY·PICTORIAL

(Latest Circulation - - 2,346,808 Copies!)

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!

ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY!

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Jellicoe at Bombay.

The reception given to Lord Jellicoe at Bombay was of a kind usually reserved for royalty or new Viceroy and Governors. I am glad he should be thus honoured, though it is odd to find India repairing our omissions.

Conch and Ear.

Lord Cave, formerly the Home Secretary, has been sitting in the House of Lords hearing his first appeals of late. Sitting with him yesterday was Lord Parmoor, and quite a mild sensation was caused in the Gilded Chamber when the Hon. Stafford Cripps appeared in an appeal before their lordships.

Father and Son.

As you know, Lord Parmoor was until 1914 Sir Alfred Cripps, and a well-known "silk." The young barrister who appeared yesterday is his youngest son, who was "called" in 1913.

Seeing it for Himself.

One clergyman, at least, will not prejudice the jazz. I hear that the Rev. W. R. Howe, of East Ham, will be at the Moonlight Fancy Dress Ball at Prince's on Wednesday. "As a clergyman," he says in his letter, "I should welcome the opportunity of seeing the jazz dancing which is being so very much condemned by the many Church workers."

They Can Jazz, Too.

I am told the Prince of Wales and Prince Albert both learned to jazz in France, and when they came home taught Princess Mary the academic style. There is no doubt when dancing begins at Buckingham Palace there will be plenty of jacking among the younger section.

The Waltz.

The waltz always has been the Queen's favourite dance, and as Princess of Wales she was the best waltzer in the family, also ex-

That Notable Interview.

Wherever I went yesterday I heard people discussing *The Daily Mirror's* interview with the beautiful Queen of Rumania. It formed what journalists call a "scoop." It gave, as you know, a charming glimpse of a Queen who is a woman first of all. She has the rare gift of sympathetic expression. It is that, I fancy, that endears her to all women.

The Beautiful Queen.

Since Queen Marie has been here several prominent portrait-painters have brought to hear every bit of influence they possess to induce her to sit to them. And nobody will blame them. However, the beautiful Queen's time in England has been strictly limited.

Queen's Mascot Earrings.

The Queen of Rumania has a pair of mascot earrings which she wore right through the war. People about her believe that if she forgets to put them on, she will hear bad news some time during the day.

The Ambition of an Actress.

Miss Margaret Halstan confessed to a singular ambition to me the other day. "I should like," she said, "to play in melodrama; not 'drawing-room' melodrama, but the real thing. After all, it must be rather thrilling to be murdered on the stage in full view of the audience."

Shakespeare for Children.

I hear that a committee has been formed for the production of Shakespeare's plays at the Islington Empire, primarily for the purpose of making Islington's schoolchildren acquainted with the Bard. Next Thursday Mr. Ben Greet will present "Julius Caesar."

A Good Deal.

Bond-street is pleased and excited over the biggest deal in theatre-seats which "the libraries" have ever done. The hefty sum of £35,000 has been laid out in tickets for "Joy Bells," the new Hippodrome revue.

Lord Derby's Victories.

Lord Derby managed to get away from Paris for the Grand National—his first race meeting, I believe, since the war—and had the pleasure of seeing his colours successful.

French Racing.

Rumour said that Lord Derby contemplated racing on an extensive scale in France during his stay in Paris as British Ambassador, but I understand that his string over there will be confined almost entirely to a few two-year-olds.

The Date.

According to present arrangements, Miss Doris Keane will produce "Romeo and Juliet" at the Lyric this day week. Saturday used to be a favourite night for productions, but of late our managers have seemed to prefer the beginning of the week.

The Civil-Military.

None of the combinations of civil and military clothing which Mr. Haselden imagined in a recent cartoon come up to the assortment I



Miss Winifred Barnes, who is giving a concert before going to Paris to study.



Miss J. Nichols, "mentioned" for her services at Fairlawn Auxiliary Hospital.

saw yesterday in Piccadilly. There a leathern flying-coat was walking surmounted by a new bowler hat!

Feather-Topped Boots and Shoes.

A country cousin who has been "doing" the shops assures me that the fashionable brocade evening boots and brides' boots are all topped with ostrich feather trimming. Boudoir shoes, she declares, have the same.

THE RAMBLER.



The Duchess of Marlborough is holding a sale for the Children's Jewel Fund next week.



New picture of the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Brodick, sister-in-law of Lord Middleton.

WHAT HUNGARY MEANS.

Father and Son in Appeal—The Biggest Deal in Theatre Seats.

"WHAT AN ODD PEOPLE we are," remarked a very prominent public man to me yesterday. "I have not met a single soul who realises for a moment that the war has broken out afresh. Yet the capture of Hungary by Bolshevism means more war and nothing else, for Hungary is in the armistice region."

What Lenin Means.

The great one continued: "Lenin's message to the Hungarians telling them not to imitate Russian tactics is a clever move. He means that they had better not massacre and loot so savagely as was done in Russia, because atrocities in Middle Europe are more visible, and may hinder the spread of Bolshevism."

A Great Soldier.

"Whatever the new post to be given to General Mangin," said a friend yesterday, "his friends are confident that he will prove himself both the consummate soldier, if military action is called for, and the subtle diplomat he always was. His great stroke in July last year was the first step to November 11."

The P.M.'s Return.

My latest information from an authentic source is that Mr. Lloyd George may not, after all, be able to return to London next week.

Bolsheism.

I find that the miners' leaders in the House of Commons do not hesitate to say that the sectional strikes that are breaking out among the miners this week are the result of Bolshevism.

Thomas' Triumph.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, after settling the railway negotiations, said it had been the biggest task of his life and the biggest triumph of it, too. He looked tired out.

In Days of Old.

The Sinn Féin Party is not without humour. I hear of one young bothead who, on being reprimanded for singing in his cell, quoted the Biblical precedent of Paul and Silas.

The Premature Arrival.

I hear that Mr. De Valera was in Dublin early on Wednesday. During the afternoon he went through the city apparently interested in the crowds which assembled in view of his possible state entry.

Bravo, Territorials!

There is a possibility, I hear, that Londoners will have an opportunity of acclaiming the London Territorials who went to France to fight the Hun. A march through London is being spoken of.

"Combative" London.

Here you see Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, whose telegraphic address is "Combative," London, and he looks it. The gallant officer, whose feats with his armoured cars in Russia make one of the epics of the war, is going ahead rapidly in Parliament, where he has been since 1910 as member for North Huntingdonshire.



Com. Locker-Lampson.

R.N.A.S. In six months he was acting commander. He holds the Cross of the Order of Leopold.



Mrs. Roland Brooke, wife of Col. Brooke, D.S.O., is deeply interested in the welfare of soldiers' wives.



Mr. F. L. Collins, visiting this country on behalf of the U.S. Agricultural Department.

tremely fond of dancing. She taught her children to dance before they began studying with a professional teacher.

War Minister at a Wedding.

Mr. Winston Churchill was beaming yesterday afternoon when he attended the marriage of his former secretary, Mr. Reginald Webster, to Lady Constance Combe's daughter, at St. Peter's, Eaton-square.

A Quiet Affair.

It was a very quiet wedding. The bride wore a travelling-gown of dark blue chamoise, with a frivolous gold veil floating from her small gold cap. A good many of the bridegroom's friends at the Board of Trade turned up to see him married.

No Hands.

They tell me of a famine in dressmakers in the West End. Heads of establishments where "modes et robes" come into being are at their wits' end to obtain "hands." Questions may be asked in Parliament about this.

Rhyme and Business.

The poetic agony advertisement has arrived. Here is one from a morning paper:—"Good people all, both great and small, your incomes you may double in your spare time, without a crime, if you will take the trouble."

Off Again.

Some soldiers are scoring heavily over the new offer of a month's leave immediately on re-enlistment. I hear of one who had just returned from fourteen days in Blighty. Then he signed on for two years with the colours, and the next day was on his way back to Scotland for a further thirty days at home.

That Rich Dry Polish of Pre-War Days

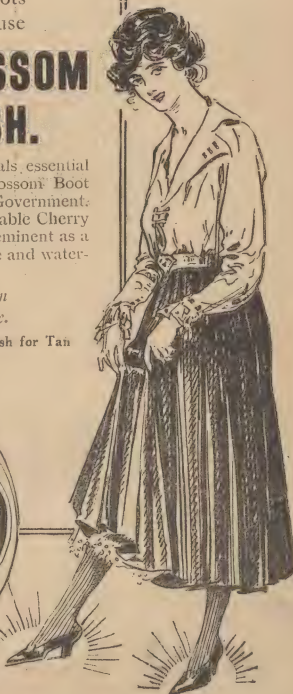
again adorns the boots and shoes of all who use

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH.

During the war important materials essential to the manufacture of Cherry Blossom Boot Polish were controlled by the Government. With these materials again obtainable Cherry Blossom Boot Polish is again pre-eminent as a shine producer, leather preservative and water-proofer.

Tins 2d., 4d. and 7d., in Black, Brown and Tonette.

TONETTE is the Dark Stain Polish for Tan Military Equipment.



NOBODY'S LOVER

By RUBY M. AYRES

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to live in a boarding-house.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

THAT Jake did not know Henry March was with his niece was perfectly obvious by the way in which his face changed as his eyes fell upon Ursula. She had risen to her feet, and stood waiting, hardly knowing whether to be glad or sorry.

There was not a particle of colour in her face, but fortunately, as usual, Henry March was too intent with his own grievance to be critical. The cloakroom attendant, it appeared, had insulted him by asking him to take his turn and not allow past other gentlemen who were also anxious to leave their hats and coats.

"Impudent puppy!" he spluttered. "I'd a great mind not to have left mine, after all, to pay him out. Not a penny tip does he get, I'll take good care."

Jake had shaken hands with Ursula. "I did not know you were here," he said.

"No?" She raised her brows. "One always meets people one knows at this place, I think."

"I have asked Mr. Rattray to dine with me," her uncle said. "He imagined he had done rather a clever thing in not mentioning that Ursula was to be one of the party. He had hoped to surprise some emotion in her face when she saw Jake, and was disappointed by her self-possession."

As is generally the way with a man who blusters, now he had run across Jake again he was affably silent. A little smile crossed his niece's face as she thought of the time when he had threatened to tell Jake his true opinion of him.

"I've booked a table," her uncle went on, "not too near the band. I like to eat my dinner in peace and not be bothered with such course."

He led the way to the restaurant, and the others followed him.

"Do you remember the last time you and I were here?" Jake asked, and Ursula met his eyes steadily as she answered, "Yes, quite well. It was before I knew you, and the night before Mr. Spicer's wedding."

She supposed he remembered how she had afterwards apologised to him for inferring that he had had too much to drink, and it gave her a bitter sense of humiliation.

The restaurant was very full. There were a great many women in pretty frocks, and more men now in the orthodox evening dress than there were in uniform.

"I don't often have the pleasure of taking my niece anywhere," Mr. March said. For some reason he felt almost aggressively agreeable. He beamed at Ursula across the table.

"And you are so soon leaving England, Mr. Rattray, I am glad to have this opportunity of wishing you Godspeed! Waiter... where is the wine list?"

Ursula's brown eyes dilated with a little sharp fear as she looked across at Jake. "You are leaving soon?" she asked casually.

Jake met her gaze. "I sail to-morrow," he said. "The shipping arrangements have been altered for some reason best known to the authorities. I could have waited for a later boat, but there seemed no object in doing so, and anyway, I shall be glad to get out of the country."

"Exactly. I quite agree with you," Mr. March answered without looking up from the wine list. "For a young man England is a place to get out of now. What with taxation and other abominations, the Colonies are the place for anyone with ambition."

"To-morrow morning!" Ursula had echoed Jake's word almost in a whisper. She was leaning back in her chair, her hands clasped hard in her lap. Everything seemed to be whirling giddily around her. Even the noise of the band seemed to have receded to such an enormous distance that she could hardly hear it. Jake's thin face looked a long way off. She hoped desperately that she was not going to faint.

"You're very quiet, young lady," Mr. March said, looking at her over his glasses with faint suspicion. "You don't look well. The room is a bit hot, I must say. Undo your coat."

Ursula forced a smile. She said she was quite well. When she thought she was unobserved, she poured some water from a carafe on the table and drank it thirstily.

"And what are you going to do abroad?" Mr. March inquired in his voice. "Have you got a job to go to? Or are you going off as so many scatterbrains do, with the idea of picking up gold without working for it?"

"Oh, I've got a job to go to," said Jake. There was a note of sarcasm in his voice. He was wondering how he should be able to explain his absence to-night to the Spicers. He had promised to spend his last evening with them, and had only looked in at Mamma's for a moment when Mr. March spotted him. Even then he would not have stayed save for Ursula, but the temptation had been too strong to resist when the chance of spending an evening in her company had been offered to him.

He had made all his arrangements. Most of his baggage had gone. He had said good-bye to a weeping Mrs. Sale, and taken Patrick to the Spicers' flat, where he himself was to stay that night.

There was something horrible in the finality of it all. It turned his soul sick to think that perhaps this was an eternal good-bye.

"You're not doing anything, either of you," Mr. March complained presently. He had been consuming hors-d'oeuvres as if they were all he expected to get for his entire dinner, and he took the last olive from the dish as he spoke.

"I don't know what you young people are coming to," Ursula never said anything. It's sheer waste of money to bring her to a place like this," he looked at his niece with critical eyes.

"You've got thin since you left me," he said. "You look as if you don't sleep and are worrying yourself to fiddle-strings about something. If it's this confounded music, I should give it up. I've told her, Mr. Rattray, that any time she likes to take my advice she can always come back and keep house for me. I'm living in a boarding-house for the present. Fairly good food, I'm glad to say, but everything else bad. I'll get a flat to-morrow, if Ursula cares to come and look after me."

"It's the first I've heard of it, Uncle Henry," Ursula said, rather sharply. She wished to goodness he would leave her alone. She was quite painfully aware of her pallor and weariness without long attention drawn to it.

"Anyway," she added with intention, "I don't think I was cut out for the ordinary domesticated sort of life. It must be frightfully humdrum."

"That's the modern girl," said Mr. March facetiously. He looked at Jake for approval.

"In another twenty years there'll be no such thing as home and domesticity. And a fine mistake that, if you ask me," he went on, turning to Ursula. "Ask any man the kind of woman he'd choose for his wife, and see what he answers! Not your butterfly miss, who thinks of nothing but of enjoying an and a clothes but the nothing don't, stay-at-home sort. What do you say, Mr. Rattray?"

Jake laughed rather wearily. "I am afraid I know so little of women, Mr. March, that I cannot pass an opinion."

Ursula's lip curled. So little of women!—when both Doris St. Claire and she herself had been fooled by him? Late in the evening towards Doris had changed again. In the light of the day she could well believe that Jake had treated Doris badly also.

She looked across at him, trying to see him with dispassionate eyes. What was there about him, after all, that one should love him so desperately? An ordinary enough man to anyone disinterested—with a thin, rather melancholy face, and eyes that were somehow hard in expression.

BREAKING POINT.

THERE were many better-looking men at the surrounding tables, and yet Ursula would almost have given her soul as she sat there for one kind word from him, one moment of their past happy friendship.

She was so lost in her dreaming that she did not notice that Mr. March had seen an acquaintance across the room till he pushed back his chair and with an abrupt "Excuse me," left her alone with Jake.

She tried hard to think of something commonplace with which to break the silence, but nothing would occur to her. Her brain felt stupid and empty. She drew a quick breath of relief when Jake spoke.

"This time to-morrow, I suppose I shall be out of sight of England."

"Yes, I suppose so." Her heart was beating in queer, aching throbs. She wondered if her voice sounded strange. There was a little pause.

"Have you been abroad before?" she asked them with an effort. "I mean, not counting France, of course."

"Oh, yes—before the war broke out I was hardly ever in England." He smiled reminiscently, and then added, "Surely I told you about my very chequered career, didn't I?"

Ursula started. What was the matter with her that she had forgotten? Of course, he had told her. Was there any detail of his youth she had not heard and remembered? What was the matter with her that this evening everything seemed to have been wiped from her memory, save the fact that to-morrow he would not be here?

She hastened to excuse herself and apologise. "Of course, you did; I'm sorry. I'm afraid I wasn't listening very carefully to what you said just now."

There was a sort of helplessness in her voice. Jake's eyes softened. "You look very tired this evening," he said.

"Do I?" Something in his voice took her back with a rush to the time when they had been friends before any of the sorrow and disillusionment came into her life, and before she could control herself her eyes filled with tears. She began a hurried, incoherent excuse, her cheeks burning with shame.

"I've got rather a bad headache. I think I stay indoors too much—practising, you know. I have to work rather hard. They tell me not to do too much, but I feel I must. You would, wouldn't you, if you were in my position?"

"You mean—because of the man who helped you?" said Jake.

"Yes. I feel that I owe him so much that I must get on, just for his sake. Not that he's really interested in me." She laughed eloquently.

"I wrote to him the other day, and asked if he would care to come to a concert we were having at the college. I thought perhaps he might have liked to hear me sing, and see how I was getting on, but, of course, he never came, or answered my letter."

Jake did not know what to say. The tears in her eyes had cut him to the heart.

He went on reluctantly. "I suppose there are philanthropists people in the world who go about scattering their thousand pounds without caring in the least what becomes of them, but it seems—rather mad, doesn't it?"

"If you put it like that, it certainly does," he agreed gently. "But I cannot agree with you that this man—whichever he is—cannot be interested in you. Perhaps there is some reason why he never answers your letters."

The band had been playing a selection of old-

fashioned airs, and quite suddenly it broke into "Loch Lomond."

"Oh ye'll tak' the high road, an' I'll tak' the low road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye!"

But me an' my true love will never meet again..."

Jake looked across at her. "I heard you sing that song once, didn't I?" he asked suddenly.

"Did you? Oh, yes!" She could not meet his eyes. The words of the mournful air were running through her head like a sad prophecy.

In desperation she broke out, "I do hope you will have a happy time away, Mr. Rattray. I shall often think of you and wonder how you are getting on."

Jake turned his head slowly. He had been looking towards the orchestra. There was a blank surprise in his eyes as he echoed her words.

"You will often think of me, Miss Lorimer?" He laughed, as if he found it hard to believe. "That is kind of you," he added quickly.

Then he, too, saw Mr. March returning, and with sudden impulse he leaned towards Ursula and spoke hurriedly.

"I shall think of you, too—always," he said. His eyes seemed to burn into hers, and in instinctively she drew back, catching her breath.

Then Henry March came back to his chair, and the orchestra blared out into a popular ragtime, dragging her away from the past into which she seemed to have wandered, forcing her to remember the reality of what lay before her.

"That was Seldon, my dear," Mr. March was saying affably. "Rich man! Great friend of mine. Worth a quarter of a million. Asked me to lunch at his club to-morrow." He did not explain that he had blatantly fished for the invitation. He beamed on Jake and Ursula with the satisfied smile of a man who has achieved a long-desired object.

Waiter! Confound that fellow! How slow he is! Englishmen are no good at this job—I've said so scores of times."

Ursula hardly heard him, though she was thankful that for the rest of the night he kept the conversation entirely to himself, and so covered her silence.

There was a clock at the end of the room, and her eyes turned to it again and again. Past eight now—a few minutes more and Jake would have said good-bye to her—perhaps for ever!

Dull despair beat like a physical pain at the door of her heart. When presently Mr. March drained his cup and said he supposed it was time they moved, it was all she could do to keep from crying out a protest.

She rose mechanically, and let Jake help her into her coat. As he did so, his hand inadvertently brushed her cheek, and a little tremor swept her from head to foot.

Did she hate him, or love him? she asked herself. She hardly knew. One moment she felt as if she could have struck him in passionate hatred for the pain he had caused her. They went out into the vestibule, and the commissionaire asked Mr. March if he would like a taxi.

"Taxi! Do you think I'm an invalid, or a bloated millionaire?" Henry March demanded, with what he was fully persuaded was humour. "Shanks' pony, that's good enough for me, my man. What do you say, Rattray?"

Jake laughed without much mirth. "I generally walk, myself," he said absently.

They all went out into the dark street together. "Which way do you go?" Mr. March inquired. "Not, our way? Well, then, this is where we part." He took the young man's hand.

"Bon voyage! That's the thing to say, isn't it? And good luck. By Jove, I envy you getting out of this benighted country."

Ursula never knew what Jake answered. Afterwards, when she looked back on those last moments, she could remember nothing of them save that for a moment Jake held her hand, and that she tried to speak, tried to say good-bye as if it were a matter of no consequence, and the next moment Jake Rattray had gone, and she was walking away down the street with Henry March, feeling as if the world had come to an end.

"Not a bad chap, after all," she heard her uncle say in the tolerant tone of a man who has dined well. "Looks ill. Should think a sea voyage will do him a world of good. What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything."

He went on talking till they reached Ursula's rooms, and said good-night, and the girl went indoors and upstairs.

She shut the door and sat down on the side of her bed with a dull feeling of misery.

"Good-bye!" Such a little word, but with such an infinite meaning.

Someone came rapping at the door. One of the girls entered.

"Oh, you've come back; then. I wanted you to come out this evening, but couldn't find you. Where have you been? Did you have a good time? Oh, what is the matter?"

She started forward in a good-natured concern as she saw Ursula's white face.

"Oh, what is the matter?" she said again. "Ursula! But she was so late to reach her. Ursula had fainted."

Do not miss Monday's instalment of this fascinating serial.



Ursula Lorimer



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OFFER OF 2,000 GUINEAS FOR "POM."



Miss Edge (extreme right), of Kildare, and her pom, for which she has been offered 2,000 guineas by a British fancier. She acts as judge at dog shows.



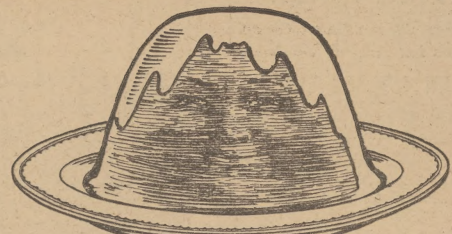
HUGE PICTURE.—Mr. Walter Bayes mounts a step ladder to paint his Academy picture, "Pulvis et Umbra." His "Underworld," last year, created a sensation.



RECENTLY MARRIED.—Mrs. Lamond, better known as Miss Hetty King, the male impersonator, "snapped" in Hyde Park yesterday with her husband, Captain Lamond.



NOW WE CAN TELL DADDY WHAT IT MEANS.—A sensation of the week has been the ceaseless printing of the *Children's Newspaper*. The demand has been unprecedented.



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OXFORD.—Wanted, lodgings for summer term; central position essential; near Balliol if possible; 3 rooms, bath, w.c.; good attendance and cooking. Liberal rent paid for satisfactory accommodation.—Reply, Messrs. Armistage Chapple and Co., 6, Great St. Helens, London, E.C.3.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

LADY REID'S Teeth Society, Ltd.—Gas 2s., Artificial Teeth at Hospital Prices—50s., Oxford-st., Marble Arch. Tel. Mayfair 5559. Hours, 10 to 7.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH (old) bought.—Messrs. Browning & Co., dental manufacturers, 85, Oxford-st., London, W.1 the original firm, who do not advertise misleading prices, call or post and receive full value per return, or offer made established 100 years.
DRESSED Jewellery, broken Gold, Silver Antiques, Plate, Diamonds, Watches, Teeth, edimentary cheques and day. Trial—Stanley Pearce, 133, Gray's Inn-rd., London.

URGENTLY Needed.—All kinds Ladies' Gent's cast-off clothing; cash sent immediately. Est. 60 years.—Mrs. H. Walker, 106, Ethelred-st., Kennington, London.
WANTED, Artificial Teeth, Old Jewellery, Watches, Gold, Silver and Plated Goods (any condition); utmost value or offer.—Stanley and Co., 35, Oxford-st., W.1.
WANTED, Ladies' Gent's Cast-off Clothes, highest prices; cash or other same day for trunks and parcels. Trial.—Pearce and Co., 133, Gray's Inn-rd., London.

GARDENING.

DOBIE and Co., Royal Seedmen, Edinburgh, will send a copy of their 1919 Catalogue and Guide to Gardening free if this paper is mentioned.
20/—FRUIT Collection, 9/6.—4 Apples, Blenheim, Cox's, Newton, Suffolk; 1 Victoria Plum, 1 William Pear, 6 Currants, 6 Raspberries, 2 Hawthorn Berries, 1 Strawberry Raspberry, 1 American Blackberry, curr. tree, 9/6. Lovely Rose Collection, 7s. 6d.—3 Standard Roses, 6 Lovely Bush and 4 Choice Hamburs; carriage paid, 7s. 6d. only one lot to each customer.—Clarke, Avenue, Royal Hampton Nurseries, Middlesbrough.

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HOW AUGIE RATNER BEAT "BOY" McCORMICK.

Superlative Cleverness of American in Holborn Stadium Bout.

HARD FIGHT WON ON POINTS.

By the superlative cleverness of his defence and the fact that he was always able to fight with both hands, while he limited his opponent's efforts practically to his left hand, Augie Ratner, of the United States Army, beat "Boy" McCormick on points in a fifteen-round bout at the Holborn Stadium.

The defeat will not do McCormick a lot of harm, for he was beaten by one of the best exponents of the American style of boxing living. Ratner fought like a champion, and the "Boy" is only a budding one. One thing he demonstrated—courage in keeping with his red hair.

But, while he was more frequently the attacking party and at times got home with a straight left, Ratner was generally able to dodge his heaviest onslaughts, and when it came to fighting—well, McCormick had the first really valuable lesson in his career.

It was the close work which won Ratner the match. I must confess I do not like the style, but Ratner showed how it is possible to keep close and not hold, as so many of our men do who try to copy American methods, and in this he nonplussed the man of the clans.

Try as he would to force the fighting—and he was always trying to do that—McCormick found Ratner as elusive as the "Pimpnel." When he pushed out the left he got there, because it allowed Ratner to get close, but let him try with the right, the American was never there. He either caught the blow on the glove or ducked, and once ducked so low that he nearly threw the "Boy" over his head, and was properly cau-

tioned by Mr. Corri for an improper use of his cranial.

Just one thing was particularly noticeable in the contest. Ratner has got Eddie McGoorty's famous left hook. It came "out of the blue" time and again after he had dodged one of the "Boys' leads, and it went home heavily. You could hear its thud, but it never shook the red-haired lad, and only made him fight the fiercer. So it went on, Ratner winning a majority of the rounds by his very cleverness, and McCormick had been announced. And then the M.C. said: "McCormick is prepared to fight Ratner for £200 a side in a twenty-round contest."

This was easily the best show staged by Mr. Cochran at the Hall, and was well patronised by the sporting public. Even more would have been there but for the absence of the racing army at Liverpool.

I think McCormick was satisfied with the verdict, and he had a frank smile for his victor when they shook hands after Mr. Corri's decision had been announced. And then the M.C. said: "McCormick is prepared to fight Ratner for £200 a side in a twenty-round contest."

This was easily the best show staged by Mr. Cochran at the Hall, and was well patronised by the sporting public. Even more would have been there but for the absence of the racing army at Liverpool.

Earlier on we had seen a rejuvenated P.O. "Nutt" Curran, who has done gallant duty in the war, beat another and bigger naval man, P.O. Smales, of London. Smales has not a great knowledge of the game, and he was knocked out in the third round by a succession of lefts and rights to the jaw. P. J. MOSS.

Dulwich Hamlet's Team.—For their match with Nunhead in the semi-final of the South London Charity Cup at Chiswick Hill today Dulwich Hamlet will be represented by E. H. Coleman, T. Moss, S. Knight, J. Pilkington, J. Guillard, R. H. Jones, E. Bunce, C. E. Rensinger, E. Hall, W. Davis, F. Evans, B. Thompson, A. P. Weston, W. Bunce and F. S. Young.

DAINTY FROCKS FOR LITTLE FOLK.



This little maid is justly proud of her light but cosy spring wrap of tomato-red velour, with its white collar and cuffs, which fasten in a novel way.

A little garment of lemon coloured crepe is gathered into a boat-shaped neck and has acquired the new habit of falling in at the hem just like mother's.

To make an ordinary blue serge frock look unusual, add three groups of tucks down the back and front and then add collar, cuffs and hem of white cloth.

WHAT IT COSTS TO KEEP A COMPLEXION.

Woman's Lavish Expenditure on Vanity.

MARBLE SKIN VOGUE.

How much is a woman justified in spending on her complexion?

A man spends several shillings a week on smokes. He occasionally occupies a seat at the theatre and buys a copy of the latest book.

Women to-day spend enormous sums on vanity. Some astonishing facts were given to *The Daily Mirror* by a beauty specialist.

A fashionable woman has two distinct forms of make-up—one for morning and one for evening. Mauve powder is used at night to make the skin look like marble. A sunburnt effect is obtained through brunette rouge. A pink lip salve has been discovered which does not come off.

To thicken the eyebrows a wire brush and box of water cosmetics are sold. The cost is 2s. The eyelashes are brushed regularly.

SPECIAL SKIN FOODS.

Many women diet on special foods. A skin food at night is used to take away wrinkles. Face masks are made of medicated wax.

Perfume is not used. A bouquet of melange of flowers is scented and worn as ornament in the dress.

Patches have revived since the craze for fancy dress balls. They cost is a box.

An officer recently demobilised was horrified at his wife's complexion bill. Roughly worked out it was as follows:—

Two boxes of rouge (to last three months)	4 6
Box of complexion powder (one month)	8 6
Violet oil for hair (one month)	1 9
Lip salve (four months)	3 9
Water cosmetic (three months)	2 0
Three bottles of different perfume	18 6
Mauve wave and shampoo (weekly)	3 0
Scented soap, one cake (two weeks)	1 0
Manicure (weekly)	2 6
Patches, one box (six months)	1 0
Total	41 6

This is considered less than what most women spend on "keeping a complexion."

"Extravagance among women has been caused by the silhouette changing," a leading dressmaker said to *The Daily Mirror*. "All the rage is for the clinging beauty of the East. She must have skin as white as marble, lips like a crimson rose and every lash must be finely pencilled."

"Change the silhouette and you will have no trouble about the complexion bill."

LONDON COAL SHORTAGE.

Small Houses Suffer — Schools Closed and Children Sent Home.

It is to be feared that many small householders will have to be content with very little coal during the week-end.

Owing to the strike of miners in the Nottinghamshire area, which district supplies London, the quantity of coal which has recently been available has dropped almost to the vanishing point.

In some districts trollymen are still delivering small quantities, but it is doubtful whether many will be seen on the streets today. For some time London County Council schools have been working upon a daily basis, and in some cases it has been found necessary to send children home.

"TOFFEE SUNDAY."

To-morrow's Break in Self-Imposed Lenten Penances.

SIMNEL CAKES REAPPEAR.

To-morrow is Toffee Sunday—eagerly anticipated, and for generations past regarded by children in Catholic circles as their own particular Sunday.

On this day—correctly known as Mid-Lent Sunday—a break used to be made in the various self-imposed Lenten penances.

No self-respecting aunt or dutiful uncle would, on this day, dream of putting a nose round the nursery door unless accompanied by a generous supply of "goodies."

Even now, though Lenten discipline has considerably slackened, the fourth Sunday in Lent is regarded more or less as a feast day.

"Simnel cakes" (a fading memory of pre-war days) are making their reappearance at most of the confectioners, and in many homes the butter and margarine allowance is being carefully eked out to permit of toffee making parties in the nursery—for it is considered the children's prerogative to mark the day by making and consuming as much toffee as they please.

The custom of feasting on Mid-Lent Sunday is a very old one, and is more especially recognised in the North of England. Here it is known as "Mother's Sunday."

On this day it is usual for entire families to visit the mother and spend the day with her, she, in her turn, providing them with a rich spiced cake in addition to other delicacies.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Duke of Orleans left Victoria Station for Brussels yesterday evening at ten o'clock.

£200 prize is offered by Chelmsford Town Council for the best design of a garden city.

Friendless Soldier.—Charles Dawson, a discharged soldier, died in Swansea Workhouse.

Waterloo Birthday.—Peter Egan, born on June 18, 1815—the day of the Battle of Waterloo—has died at Stokeston, Co. Roscommon.

Saved Girl's Life.—Stephen Candy, sixty-five, who was badly burnt in extinguishing flames which enveloped a little girl, was rewarded with 10s. yesterday.

Workers' £18,000 for Charity.—The workpeople of Horrocks, Cresswell and Company, Preston and Moses Gate, cotton mills, contributed £18,000 for war charities.

Bad for the Fish.—"Fish captured in Irish waters were first sent to Grimsby and thence back to Dublin."—Speaker at meeting of Irish Angling Organisation Society.

Horse-Shoeing Dearer.—The National Master Farriers' Association of Lancashire, Cheshire and North Staffordshire are advancing the price of horse-shoeing from Monday.

The King held a Privy Council yesterday at Buckingham Palace, which was attended by Lord Curzon, Lord Sandhurst, Sir James Rose Innes and Lord Schreiner, High Commissioner for South Africa.

SHELL WORKS CLOSED.

The Ponders End Shell Works, which have carried out a useful war purpose since December, 1914, were shut yesterday. Some 900 men have thus been thrown out of employment, and as it is doubtful whether the works in the locality can absorb them to any extent nearly the whole of these men will come upon the unemployment benefit.

The works were started by Mr. H. S. B. Brindley with one man.

AN APPEAL TO EMPLOYERS

IF YOU WANT THE SERVICES of an ex-officer, or ex-soldier of similar educational qualification, get into touch at once with the nearest Directorate of the **APPOINTMENTS DEPARTMENT** of the Ministry of Labour, with which ex-officers and soldiers of higher education are advised to register themselves for employment.

MAKE YOUR NEEDS KNOWN by telephone, telegram or letter, at any of the following addresses, where men who have fought for you are registered.

DISTRICT DIRECTORATES:

PERTH. INVERNESS, ARGYLL, ABERDEEN, FORFAR, ELGIN, FIFE, GLACKMANNAN, KINCARDINE, ROSS, AND CROMARTY, CAITHNESS, NAIRN, BANFF, KINROSS, STIRLING, THE ISLES.—Queen's Hotel, Leonard Street, PERTH.

CUMBERLAND. WESTMORLAND, LANCASHIRE, E. LANCASHIRE (ISLE OF MAN), CHERTER—4, Cathedral Gates, MANCHESTER.

NORTHUMBERLAND. DURHAM, N. RIDING, E. RIDING, AND W. RIDING YORKS.—Commercial House, 16, Blenheim Terrace, LEEDS.

DERBY. NOTTINGHAM, LEICESTER, LINCOLN, RUTLAND.—Lecture Hall, Castle Gate, NOTTINGHAM.

CORNWALL. SOMERSET, HANTS, DEVON, WILTS, DORSET.—Mansion House, Cathedral Yard, EXETER.

LONDON. SUSSEX, SUSSEX, MIDDLESEX, KENT, ALDERSHOT COMMAND.—Horrex's Hotel, Strand, W.C., LONDON.

LINLITHGOW. HADDINGTON, ROXBURGH, KIRKCUDBRIGHT, WIGTOWN, LANARK (with all Glasgow area), SELKIRK, EDINBURGH, BERWICK, DUMFRIES, DUMARTON, AYR, RENFREW, PEEBLES.—Balmoral Hotel, Princes Street, EDINBURGH.

DENBIGH. MERIONETH, MONTGOMERY, CARDIGAN, MONMOUTH, ANGLESEA, CARMARTHEN, CARMARVON, FLINT, BRECKNOCK, RADNOR, GLAMORGAN, PEMBROKE.—Springfield House, Queen Street, CARDIFF.

WORCESTER. GLOUCESTER, OXFORD, HEREFORD, SHROPSHIRE, WARWICK, BUCKINGHAM, BERKS, S. STAFFS, S. STAFFS.—111, New Street, BIRMINGHAM.

NORFOLK. NORTHAMPTON, HUNTINGDON, HERTFORD, SUFFOLK, CAMBRIDGE, BEDFORD, ESSEX.—16, Hills Road, CAMBRIDGE.

ALL IRELAND EXCEPT ULSTER.—64 and 65, Merrion Square, DUBLIN.

ULSTER.—Grand Central Hotel, Royal Avenue, BELFAST.

OVERSEAS APPOINTMENTS BUREAU.

LONDON.—St. Ermin's Hotel, Caxton Street, S.W. 1. OUTER EMPIRE.

LONDON.—St. Ermin's Hotel, Caxton Street, S.W. 1. ALLIED & NEUTRAL COUNTRIES.

Daily Mirror

Saturday, March 29, 1919.

TWO PLUCKY WOMEN.

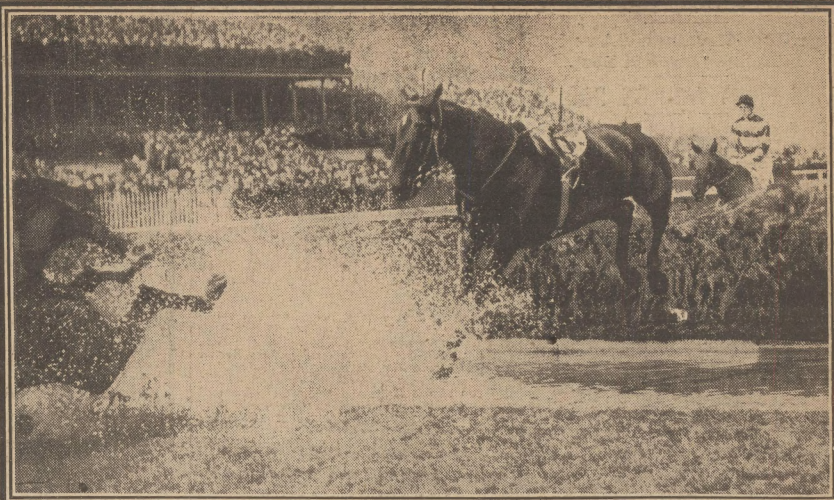


Miss Ida Murch, a paribourmaid, employed at Kenington, who was highly commended by a magistrate for capturing an alleged burglar she saw leaving the house.



Miss Kitty Botling, a land girl, employed at Loughborough, who saved a fellow worker when attacked by a boar. She fought the brute with a pitchfork. Awarded medal.

SURE SIGN OF PEACE: THE REAL GRAND NATIONAL AGAIN



No unusual sight at the water jump. A riderless horse jumps it and another one falls.



Ally Sloper, a previous winner.



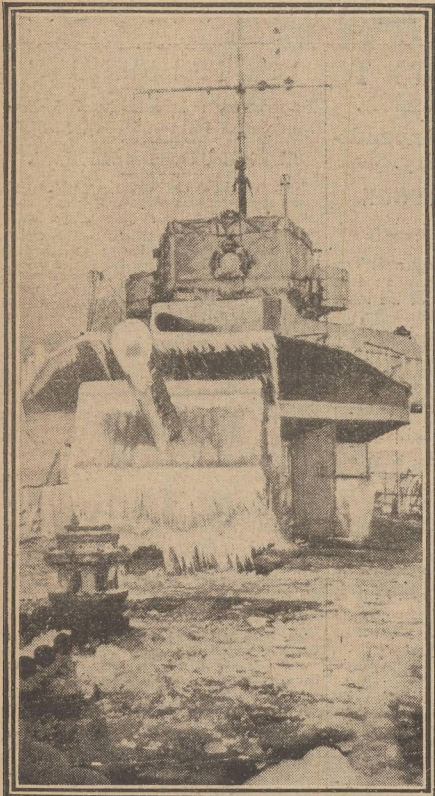
Taking one of the obstacles in the difficult chase.



Poethlyn was the winner.



Pollen third past the post.



NO PLEASURE TRIP.—Deck of a warship which made a voyage to Copenhagen. It all happened in a night.



A POLICEWOMAN.—Miss Edith Annie James, appointed to the force at Yarmouth. She was a sergeant at the Government factory at Greina Green.



A CANDIDATE.—Mrs. W. H. Coats, wife of the thread manufacturer standing for Paisley's new education authority. She is a philanthropic worker.

We shall soon forget there has been a war, as all the good old functions are being held again. In fact, the only reminder soon will be the high cost of living. There were substitutes for the Grand National during the war, when racing was curtailed, but they were not run at Aintree and therefore lost half their romance.